

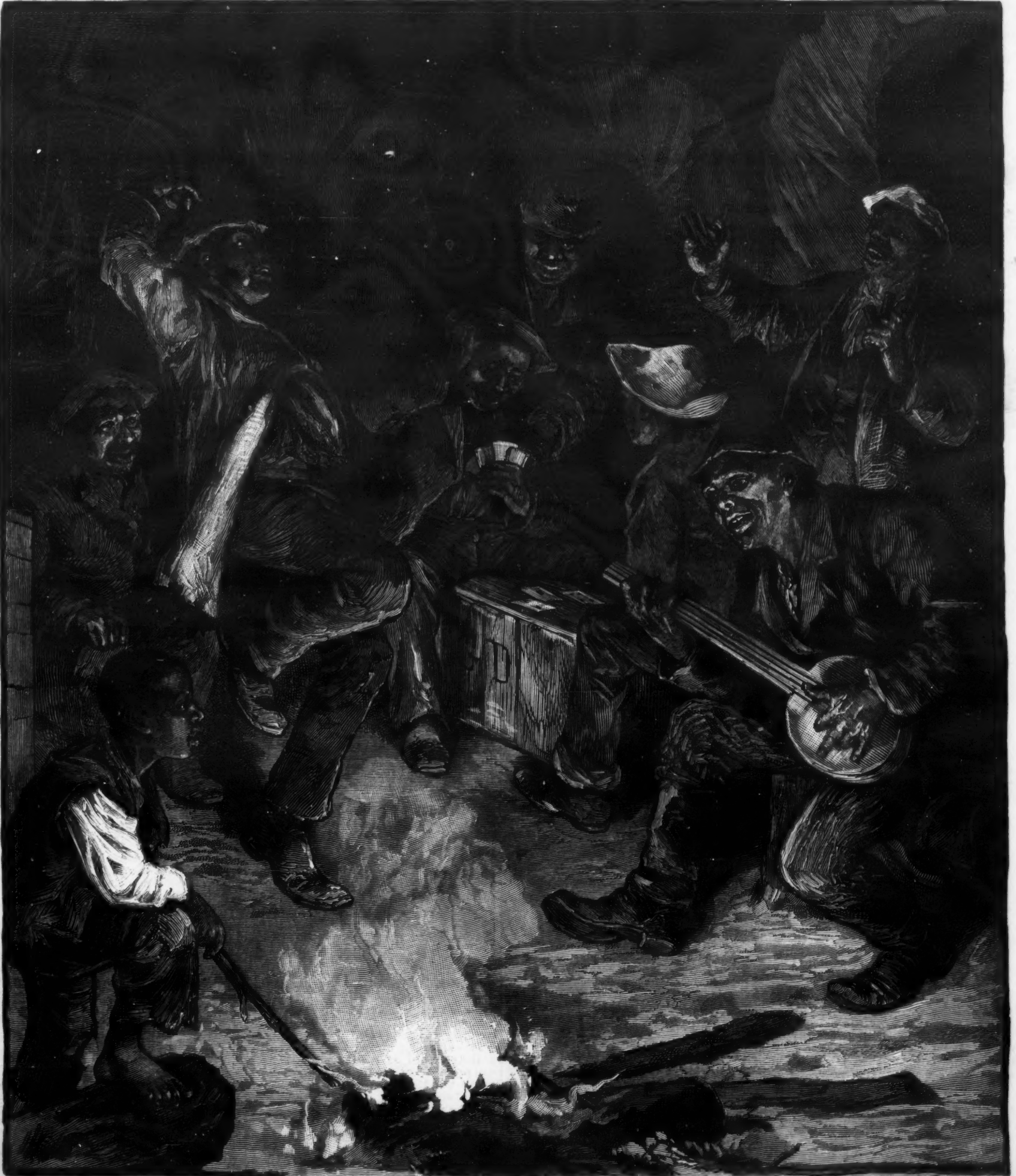
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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VIRGINIA.—A NIGHT SCENE IN LYNCHBURG DURING THE TOBACCO SEASON.—NEGRO TOBACCO-FARMERS MAKING MERRY.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 107.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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62, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 6, 1883.

DISARMAMENT IN EUROPE.

THE royal gatherings on the Rhine and at Copenhagen differ in this respect, that the one has a diplomatic object, while the other is but a family reunion. It would have been unlike the strong martial genius of Prince Bismarck had he allowed the meeting of sovereigns on the Rhine to separate without accomplishing some definite purpose. The triple alliance, with its satellite signatories of Serbia, Roumania, Bulgaria and Spain, resembles a species of *Janus Bifrons*, with one face towards France and the other towards Russia. The intention of the German Chancellor has been so to league the various governments whose territories reach from the south of the Baltic to the mouth of the Danube, as to prevent, at least within the term of the agreement, any outbreak of the old animosity which exists between the Slav and the Teuton on the east, and the Frank and the Teuton on the west. A French paper says that the agreement provides that, in the case of war with France, Austria is to observe an armed neutrality, or in the case of a war between Austria and Russia, Germany will observe an armed neutrality, the position of each country guaranteeing the other from attack in the rear.

Ever since the Danubian principalities slipped from the pale hand of Turkey, a source of antagonism has existed which has baffled the efforts of the ablest diplomatists of Europe. Had these provinces been awarded in accordance with racial affinities, the belt of states from Croatia, on the Adriatic, to Roumania, on the Black Sea, would have formed part of the Russian dominions. But such a division was geographically impossible. It would have given the command of the Danube to St. Petersburg, and placed the trade and commerce of Austria, Hungary and Transylvania entirely at the mercy of Russia. The point in dispute has already cost two great wars; whether it will cause another depends on the ability of the various countries involved to sustain another campaign. The reported intention of Prince Bismarck to propose a conference with a view of promoting a general disarmament has every appearance of probability when we consider the condition of the five great countries of Europe in respect of their national armaments, nearly the whole of which are maintained as a mutual menace to one another.

In round figures, Germany, Russia, England, France and Austria have a standing army in time of peace equal to about one per cent. of the population. This, at first sight, seems a very moderate percentage, but it must be borne in mind that the standing army consists of able-bodied men in the most valuable work-producing period of their lives. The proportion of such to population in different countries varies. In France it is large—about one-eighth; in Germany, and in other countries where the families are larger, it is not more than one-twelfth. Taking one-tenth as the average in Europe which able-bodied men bear to the whole population, we find that, while the proportion of soldiers to the whole population is only one per cent., the proportion to the men—that is, the bread-winners and workers—is ten per cent. In other words, the labor-producing power of European countries is reduced by their standing armies about one-tenth.

Turning from the question of decreased power of production to the question of cost, we find (taking France as an example) that the standing army costs about one-fifth of the total expenditure, to say nothing of the heavy loans incurred in consequence of former wars. But reducing the matter to a question of the present moment, each labor factor or active workman is taxed to the extent of \$40 per year to maintain the national defenses. This sum is a terrible burden on countries like Germany, where the average industrial earnings are very small.

Without wishing to derogate from Prince Bismarck's right to public sympathy in his proposed new departure, we must not forget that to no country is the proposed change more necessary than to Germany itself. The pressure of the military system in that country is driving out the most valuable of her working population to the United States. The young, the active and ambitious come here; the aged, decrepit and infirm remain at home. It is, therefore, only just to observe that Bismarck's proposal, while most beneficial to Europe generally, is dictated first of all by the needs of his own country.

But the sacrifices which all Europe are making in this respect are enormous. Germany, out of a population of 45,000,000, maintains an army of 440,000 men, at a cost of \$100,000,000. France, out of a population of 37,000,000, has a force on a peace footing of nearly half a million, at a

cost of \$126,000,000. England, including her Indian troops, out of 35,000,000 of population, recruits 300,000 men, at a cost of \$175,000,000. The Russian army consists of 884,000, recruited from a population of 98,000,000, costing \$140,000,000; while Austria can put in the field 268,000 men, out of a population of 37,000,000, at a cost of \$130,000,000.

Well may Prince Bismarck propose a general reduction of armaments, when, out of a population of 252,000,000, 2,500,000 men are under arms, at an annual cost of \$671,000,000 a year. If the Chancellor can succeed he will accomplish a far greater work than that which culminated at Sedan, and add a still larger leaf to his laurel crown.

AN ABUSE OF FREEDOM.

THE Gospel, we are explicitly told, was ordained out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, and by the foolishness of preaching many shall be saved. It must be this declaration that encourages some clergymen almost every Sunday to seek notoriety by making violent attacks upon individuals. If they win the notoriety sought, men will listen to them; and if men listen to them, they can then change their method and preach about the interests of the immortal soul.

A Sunday or two ago a Brooklyn clergyman took occasion to denounce Monsignor Capel as a charlatan and an embezzler of the funds of the Catholic Church. Being called to account for his language by a man who assured him that the charges had no foundation, this ambitious pulpiteer says he quoted them from the *Presbyterian*, and adds: "I can't judge whether what I said concerning him is true or not, but I couldn't get the statements from a more reliable source than I attributed them to, and I simply quoted them as gossip in the air." It does not seem to occur to this clergyman, who preaches to some thousands of rational beings every Sunday, that "gossip in the air" is not exactly the stuff to make sermons of, when it takes the form of calumny. He proceeds to say: "Monsignor Capel declares that in his country a man who uttered such things would be punished. This is America, however, a free country, where we believe that error is not dangerous when truth is left free to combat it." In other words, he holds that a minister may, with propriety, slander and defame his fellow beings from the pulpit as long as the parties defamed are at liberty to deny it! This is a curious reading of American law. Thomas Jefferson would be vastly astonished if he could know that his eloquent plea for religious and political freedom had been twisted into a justification of an assault on a stranger's reputation.

A similar instance of reckless sensationalism is reported from New Haven, where a clergyman preached, no doubt to the great delectation of his hearers, on the murder of Rose Ambler. He said, "My guess is, and I declare it boldly, that Rose Ambler's pretended lover was Rose Ambler's murderer. I think so for various reasons"; and then he proceeds to enumerate them. This is simply shocking from every point of view, and it is incomprehensible how intelligent Christians could sit still and listen to such a harangue.

There was, indeed, a time, six centuries ago, when the clergy of Europe were its lawgivers and the arbiters of all its disputes. They were its sheriffs and executioners, as well as the keepers of its conscience. A ring was pitched near the church, and there all controversies were decided by "gag of battle." The priest occupied the seat of umpire. He received the disputants, put clubs or swords into their hands, and sat by till they fought it out. When it was ended he declared the dead man in the wrong and the live man in the right, and the "blessed of the Lord." Sometimes boiling oil was substituted for weapons, and the case was always decided in favor of the man who could hold his hand in it longest.

But those days are past. The State has displaced the Church in all these matters, and the judge and jury have superseded the priest. Law reigns. And a man is no more at liberty to defame his neighbor in a sermon than in a newspaper or a book. If he does so he is punishable for libel by fine or imprisonment. Comparatively few clergymen are guilty of this brutality; but it is to be hoped that all such will be prosecuted vigorously till they are content to preach on the crucifixion, the atonement, the better life, and all the holy themes of religion, and be no more tempted to hash up cold for prurient palates the defamatory "gossip in the air."

ON THE TEWKSBURY PLATFORM.

AND there stands Tewksbury; look at her! exclaimed Benjamin F. Butler, with the undiluted fervor of a patriot ready to be sacrificed for a second time on the gubernatorial altar of the old Bay State. This dramatic request was made at the Massachusetts State Democratic Con-

vention in Springfield, on the 26th of last month, after that convention had signified its approval of Butler by a renomination.

"Would to God this cup might pass from me!" continues the devout statesman, meaning, presumably, a second term, for the nomination was already secured. The Republicans of the State respond with a no less fervent "Amen!" and it will not be their fault if his prayer is not granted. Meantime Butler rests on the Tewksbury platform—on that he will stand or fall.

It is a fact more significant than comforting to Mr. Hoar, and Beacon Hill, and Harvard College, and all that these represent, that the hero of New Orleans and commodore of the yacht *America* was never in better fighting condition or more belligerent humor than now. "Let us go home and go to work," says this grim biter, who strikes from the shoulder every time. For a long time it was the top of his ambition to be Governor of Massachusetts. It was a hard pull to get the nomination; it was a harder one to get into the State House as "His Excellency." But he got there, and any one who says that he has been a vacuous nonentity, an æsthetic official Modestus, an amiable, innoxious figure-head, is not as familiar with Butler as Butler is with the sore spots of his opponents. Thorough-paced demagogue as he is, he has done some things that are commendable, and he will make the most of every available point in the present canvass. While it is in some things objectionable, there are also some good planks in his platform, and the Republicans will make a mistake if they fail to recognize this fact. Besides, the Democracy, much as some of the leaders dislike the bold buccaneer who has seized command of their party organization, are better in hand to work his will than they were a year ago. As the case stands, Butler has a good fighting chance for a reelection, and this would be "a long pull and a strong pull" in the direction of the goal of his most colossal ambition—the White House. He is said to suffer from the physical infirmity known to oculists as strabismus; this may likewise apply to him in his public career—while he keeps one eye on the dome that rises above Boston Common, and the other with equal intensity on the White House in Washington. How could it be more plainly shown that this is what he is really doing than by these words of the Governor: "Next year we will attend to matters outside, and if we are faithful over a few things, the Bible tells us, we shall be placed over many." We do not believe at all that his ambition in this direction will ever be realized, but it will do no harm, meanwhile, for the Republicans of Massachusetts to keep a sharp eye on the Tewksbury platform!

OUR FOREIGN COMMERCIAL POLICY.

THE Department of State has at last taken active measures to protect the reputation of that much maligned inhabitant of this country, the American hog, and a commission of experts has been appointed to inquire into the allegations so freely made abroad regarding the prevalence of disease among our swine. This step is taken mainly on account of the very stringent measures that have been adopted in Germany to prohibit the importation of American pork. About two years since the *Junkersparthei*, composed of the great landowners of Northern Germany, beginning to suffer severely from the competition of American produce, had influence enough in the Reichstag to have a duty laid on imported pork of twelve marks per 100 kilos—equal to about \$3 on each 220 pounds. This law proving insufficient to overcome the competition, measures have since been taken to practically prohibit the importation on the pretense that the American hogs were suffering from trichina. That this is a mere pretext is proven by overwhelming evidence. It is only necessary here to allude to the fact that in this country, where the animals are raised and consumed in immense quantities, we hear nothing whatever of the disease. Nevertheless, there is little probability that the present German policy will be changed, supported as it is by the dominant party headed by Prince Bismarck, although it is opposed by a large portion of the commercial and working classes.

Under the circumstances, it is worth while to inquire if the attitude of the United States with respect to other countries is such as to induce a friendly consideration by them of a protest such as the State Department will probably send to Germany. The Government of Mexico, in pursuance of a new and liberal foreign policy, has just concluded a treaty of commerce with Germany in which each of the contracting parties has agreed to abate something from its regular tariff to the other, in consideration of the advantages that will be gained from the consequent increased mutual trade. We find that England is now eager to renew diplomatic relations with Mexico (which were cut off some years ago on account of the repudiation of the debt of the latter),

and to make a treaty on a similar basis, so as not to lose her foreign trade to Germany. We also hear that a serious rupture has been caused between Spain and Mexico because the latter has declined to treat with Spain on the same terms as with England. Now, Mexico is a next door neighbor of the United States, and we have far more to gain by close commercial relations with that country than has any European nation. Yet, compare the apathetic and jealous spirit in which the proposed Mexican Treaty has been received here with the accommodating and ready manner with which other countries have met Mexico's advances.

This is only one illustration of our usual foreign policy. We declined numerous overtures from France at the time when she was renewing her treaties with England, Spain and other countries; also with Spain when she was renewing her treaties. In fact, while most of the civilized nations of the world have been, within about two years past, taking the most active diplomatic means to extend their foreign trade, the only measure of the kind that we have to show is the late treaty with Corea, which has no trade worth mentioning.

The failure to renew the reciprocity treaty with our Canadian neighbors is an instance of the same policy, and it was followed by the enactment of a high tariff there by way of retaliation.

It is very doubtful if this somewhat exclusive and Chinese attitude is in consonance with the feelings of the people of this country. It is rather a proof of the inordinate power which the special interests, which may be unfavorably affected by any commercial treaty, exert over legislation. Of course, such treaties must be made on the principle of give and take; it can never be "take all and give nothing." But as soon, for instance, as it is proposed that Mexican sugar be admitted free, there is a cry that our planters will be ruined; no account is taken of what we might gain by sending our manufactures into Mexico free in exchange for their raw materials.

But in any case we may only expect that other nations will try to exclude our products so long as our present policy is continued.

THE COLOR LINE IN POLITICS.

THE equal rights of colored people before the law in this country are all but universally recognized. Socially, they are still subject to disabilities that hurt their pride and try their patience; but these disabilities are beyond the sphere of law, and to be remedied only by the advance of a more Christian civilization. In cases where the laws fail to protect the equal rights of negroes, it is proper that they should act together for the redress of grievances; but when they go beyond this, and combine for the purpose of forcing or tempting the political parties to buy their votes by giving them offices, they degrade themselves and commit a crime against the Republic.

And this is just what is being attempted by a certain class of colored men at the present time. They scarcely seek, indeed, to disguise their purpose. The recent convention at Louisville was meant primarily to further it. They openly complain that they do not get the proportion of offices to which their numbers entitle them, and they are ready to lend their support to any party that will promise to give them what they claim. They demand offices, not upon the ground that they are the persons best qualified to fill them, but because they are negroes, and, as such, constitute a certain portion of the population. They virtually demand a bounty for their color, and threaten, if one party does not yield to that demand, to go over to the other. In localities where the parties are pretty equally divided as to numbers, they hope to get some of their number into stations which, on the score of merit alone, are utterly beyond their reach, and to which white men of the same mental and moral calibre would scarcely aspire.

We are glad to observe that many of the most eminent colored men in the country, and those best qualified to be the leaders of their race, are setting their faces as a flint against these schemes, and we feel pretty sure that, in the end, the demagogues will be defeated. They were clearly baffled in the Louisville convention, and the reverse there sustained will not commend them as safe leaders to the great body of colored voters throughout the country.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE negotiations between France and China for a settlement of the Tonquin question have not yet been concluded. Several of the proposals made in the French memorandum have been rejected by China, the latter claiming both banks of the Red River, with the neutral zone southwards. The French Government has declared that it cannot accept these terms, because by doing so it would lose all the fruits of its expedition, obtaining neither the delta, the Red River, the rich mining districts of Tonquin, nor a monopoly of the trade with the southwest provinces of China. Nevertheless, a

peaceable adjustment is still expected, and somewhat more confidently than in the early stages of the controversy. Meanwhile the French are sending on reinforcements, and there are reports that the Black Flags are retreating before the invaders of their country. The news from Madagascar is less favorable for the French. Large numbers of their troops have succumbed to fever, troubles have broken out between the civil and military authorities, and the Hovas have retaken all the positions on the northwest coast except Majunga.

The Home Rule campaign in Ireland has become very lively. The Government has prohibited some of the meetings announced by the National League, and the Orangemen have interfered with others. At some places riots were between the Orangemen and Parnellites were with difficulty prevented. Mr. O'Connor was attacked by a mob, and much excitement was caused by a rumor, which proved baseless, that Mr. Parnell had been shot. At an immense Orange meeting at Dungannon, a resolution was passed pledging those present to resist the treasonable aims of the National League and denouncing the establishment of an ultramontane communist tyranny in Ireland.

The alliance of Germany and Austria is to be strengthened by the accession of Roumania. The Prime Minister of that country has had a conference with the Emperor Francis Joseph, after having repeated interviews with the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs and the German Ambassador at Vienna, who had just returned from a consultation with Prince Bismarck. It is generally considered, in view of these conferences, that Roumania's entry into the alliance has been effected. The situation in Bulgaria is threatening. The Porte is preparing a circular to the Powers declaring that if Bulgaria lapses into a state of anarchy, Turkey will exercise her right of suzerainty in that country for the restoration of order. It is also reported that the Russian Government will issue to the Powers a note taking exception to the recent changes in the government of Bulgaria, by which Prince Alexander removed the Russian Ministers, and placed M. Zankoff, a Liberal, at the head of his Cabinet.

The Germania national monument at Niederwald, on the Rhine, was dedicated on September 28th with imposing ceremonies. The Emperor William, the German sovereigns, princes, and the generals of the last war, were present, and the royal cortege passed through lines of troops, veterans of the war, Turners and choral unions from all parts of Germany. Count von Eulenburg delivered the oration, the Prussian national anthem was sung by the multitude, and when Herr von Schilling, the sculptor, unveiled the statue, the batteries on the hilltops of Bingen fired a salute, and "Wacht am Rhein" was sung by the people.

King Alfonso has returned from his visit to Germany, and found the French greatly disgusted at his acceptance of the colonelcy of a Uhlan regiment, which was conferred upon him by the Emperor of Germany.—Anti-Jewish excesses have occurred in West Hungary.—Cetywayo is negotiating for his surrender to the British authorities in Zululand.—It is said that the British Government will again enter into negotiations with the Suez Canal Company relative to the proposed new canal.

THE Southern Exposition at Louisville has, under the most flattering auspices, entered upon the second half of its hundred days' existence. The attendance has been steadily increasing ever since the opening on the 1st of August, and during the first fifty days considerably exceeded 300,000, a total which seems likely to be almost doubled during the last fifty days. The exhibition is in every way a great success, and the popular response vindicates the wisdom of its projectors. Its influence upon Southern industrial and commercial enterprise cannot be otherwise than salutary.

THE sentiment in favor of Canadian independence appears to gain strength with the growth and development of the Dominion. The idea of separation from the Mother Country finds more and more frequent expression in the press; and, what is still more significant, the papers which voice this feeling are increasing in circulation and influence. There is no apparent reason for anticipating any immediate result from this growing agitation, but if public sentiment continues to develop in the same direction, we may expect to find our northern neighbor an independent nationality before many years, unless, indeed, it is seeking admission to partnership in our union of States.

ACCORDING to the report of the Ohio State Auditor, the collections under the Scott liquor-tax law amount to nearly \$2,000,000 in the State, distributed in localities where collected to the police, the poor, and to the general revenue and township funds. There can be no doubt as to the justice of the principle of this law, and now that its results financially have proved so satisfactory, we imagine that it will be difficult for any party to carry the State in favor of its repeal. Even the better class of saloon keepers are said to be declaring in its favor on the ground that it gives a certain amount of protection and respectability to their business by crowding out the disreputable dealers.

A DETERMINED effort is at last making to suppress the stench-breeding establishments in or near Hunter's Point, which have for so long been terrible nuisances to large sections of New York and Brooklyn. Governor Cleveland recently issued warrants directing the sheriff of Queens County to close some of the most offensive manufactories, and that official proceeded to convince the owners, when they

failed to obey his orders, that he "meant business," by forcing an entrance and stopping operations with a force of his subordinates. The immunity which these offenders have enjoyed has been a standing disgrace to both cities, and the present effort to abate the nuisance will be heartily supported by the long-suffering community.

TRUSTWORTHY intelligence from Stanley, so late as the latter part of August, represents that famous explorer as having met with entire success in his work of promoting international interests in the heart of Africa, and as looking forward to a return to Europe in January. He has now established no less than twelve trading stations from the coast along the Congo River to Stanley Pool, and thus opened up to the commerce of the world a magnificent country of which nothing was before known. Stanley appears to have cut the ground out from under the feet of M. de Brazza, and that presumptuous Frenchman, who once aspired to supplant his predecessor and reap the fruits of the latter's persistent labors, seems likely to go home shorn of all his expected glory.

THERE are a great many heroes in this work-a-day world, after all. One whose name deserves commemoration is John Bull, of Gallion, O., an engineer on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad. As he was driving a passenger-train a few days ago, he found that, through somebody's blunder, a freight-train was approaching on the same track, and a collision was inevitable. He could have saved his own life by leaping from the engine, but, dismissing all thought of himself, he resolved to try and save the passengers committed to his care. So he reversed the engine and set the air-brakes, and then put on full steam, started the locomotive ahead, broke the coupling attached to the train, and dashed on to receive the shock of the collision. The passengers escaped all injury, while the brave engineer was so badly hurt that he died in a few hours. Such heroism as this should not go unnoticed.

PROHIBITORY liquor laws have often been passed, but the difficulty has always been to enforce them. A successful experiment in this direction is therefore of interest. A dozen years ago the Canadian Government resolved to prevent the drinking of liquor in that part of Manitoba where the Indians were located, and it was done. A mounted police force patrolled all roads leading into the territory, and all liquors found on traders or travelers entering it were confiscated. The same policy was maintained when the Canadian Pacific Railroad invaded the region, and all the workmen engaged in constructing that line were shut off from liquor as rigorously as the Indians had been. The results have been absolutely peaceful with the red men, and among the whites an absence of the crimes which have usually marked the construction of a railroad in a new country. Indeed, so well has the system worked that it seems a great pity it must be abandoned, as is to be expected when the region becomes settled and public sentiment grows lax.

NO BETTER memorial of a public man can be reared than that which the town of Bristol, R. I., is raising in honor of the dead soldier and statesman, General Ambrose E. Burnside. Instead of the conventional shaft of granite or marble, his townsmen resolved to erect a handsome edifice, adapted for town and city offices, probate and other records, historical collections and soldier memorials, which is to be known as the Burnside Memorial Building. Such a monument will combine sentiment and utility, and the example set by the Rhode Island town is one that well merits imitation. The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new structure was marked by a fine demonstration of popular enthusiasm, and was appropriately graced by the presence of President Arthur, whose address, while brief, was peculiarly happy and pertinent. He happily described General Burnside as "a soldier faithful to his trusts, whose courage found its only rival in his modesty; a statesman whose every act was prompted by the loftiest patriotism, and an earnest, sincere and manly gentleman who abounded in all courtesy, who scorned all deceit, and who never failed to follow in the path of duty whithersoever it led." None who knew Rhode Island's distinguished citizen will dispute the justice of this eulogy.

JUDGE FIELD, of the United States Supreme Court, has come to the rescue of the Californians who were dismayed by the decision of a Federal judge in Massachusetts that a Chinaman born in the British dependency of Hong Kong was a British subject, and therefore he could not be barred out of the country under the Anti-Chinese law. Judge Field overruled this decision, and held that the fact of a Chinaman being born in Hong Kong does not constitute him a British subject. An Act of Congress, he declared, must be construed according to its manifest intent, and the object of the anti-Chinese law, as everybody knows, was to exclude Chinese laborers from coming from any part of the world, whereas Hong Kong would pour Chinese laborers into our country every year unless covered by the restriction Act. Judge Field's decision has the merit of being based on common sense, while at the same time it falls in with California prejudice. But it may, as the *Herald* points out, raise still another question. "Chinese born in Hong Kong are British subjects if their parents were British subjects. By treaty with Great Britain the United States is 'free' to all subjects of that nation. This treaty stipulation is now abrogated in part by the decision of Justice Field." Whether Congress was justified in passing an Act violating a treaty with a friendly foreign Power may well be doubted.

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

THE LAND QUESTION.

To the Editors of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

GENTLEMEN—The social evils that are descending—have descended—on the Republic have at last awakened thought all over the country—a good and hopeful sign. It is not my fault if I here present a discouraging diagnosis of our social disease. The facts demand it. But it does not by any means follow, that, because the disease is dangerous and deep-seated, any desperate remedy will have to be resorted to in effecting a thorough and permanent cure. Indeed, in looking into history, we find that little valuable and enduring good has ever resulted from changes accomplished by force. Existing rights defended by force, as in the case of Switzerland, is quite another matter. But even our own great change, which must be ranked as the best of all the changes, was accomplished by force. When was—and we might almost ask when again will be—accomplished a national change so consecrated by all the virtues as our own great event? And yet, in the first century of its life, amid the blaze of enlightenment that reigns around us, are we not trying, groping, even by imposing "Commissions of Inquiry," calling evidence from all parts of the country, to discover if some means can be found to bring harmony and peace out of our prevailing discord and danger?

But the witnesses thus called together are nearly all of them "at sea"—evinced no thought whatever of making for the shore and setting their foot down on the solid land. The heavy witnesses—heavy in pocket—seem quite content, the others keep "striking" after an *ignis fatuus*, which, if caught to-day, will, ere long, escape from their grasp to-morrow? But they must, perforce, tire of this course by-and-by. The inexorable facts will compel them to tire of it; and then one only refuge will be open to them—the Land!

If the lands, as hereafter outlined, were made and kept available to the unemployed, every city and village and township in the country would be interested in helping the exodus that would quickly ensue. How steadily would it lessen their local expenses by thinning out the crowds of paupers and prisoners that now burden them!

The intrinsic worth of even a small piece of land is well shown by the following statement made to his Board of Guardians by William Parry, an English laborer:

"I have come twenty miles to tell my distress. I have six children, a wife and myself to maintain on eight shillings per week. The relieving officer sent me an order for one of my children to go into the workhouse. I could not part with her a one. I heard the cries of my poor children, which were piercing to my heart, 'Don't send me father! don't send me!' Was not that enough to try a man, without the pressure of starvation? I wanted potato land, but master wanted eight pounds an acre for it! I could not pay that. If I could get THREE ACRES at the same price that the farmers get it—two pounds an acre—I could provide for myself and family. But they won't agree to it."

Now, gentlemen, does not that fact furnish the true and obvious solution of the Great Problem that so perplexes the world at the present day? As for the pitiable need of the change, volumes would not contain the evidences, one or two examples of which I present here:

"August—Ten in a cell in Kings County Jail, intense suffering. The interior like a furnace."

"Forty in Laredo Jail, Texas. Seventeen escape to the Rio Grande. Two hundred shots are fired at them in the water. All but three killed or recaptured."

"William Creever left to stand on nothing at 13. Imprisoned five years in a 'Reformatory,' for larceny. Time up. But not free. Forced to the brutalizing life of the fore-castle. After one voyage to Liverpool leaves it for work in the New York Bible House. Five officials of the city have 'law' to drag him back to the 'Reformatory' hell."

"What for?" he asks; "I'm at work and living with my mother. They take out the handcuffs, and at the thought of going back to the 'Reformatory' he dashes himself to death out of the three-story window. I called on his mother, at 174 Delancey Street—a German woman of pleasing address. She sobbed hysterically. 'He was a tall, handsome youth,' she said, and added—'this unsophisticated woman added—'How many young men are driven to destruction by not getting a fair start in life?'"

How many such horrors happen! One such came to us in the past week in New York Penitentiary. "Start in life," in a wise and enforced direction—had that been given to the worst criminal who now afflicts us, and the chances were more than even that he would have turned up among our most intelligent, active and enterprising citizens.

When we look at the formidable array of capital and cultured talent that stand arrayed in opposition to reform, it may well discourage us. The servile attitude of the homeless ones themselves is more discouraging still. But out from the millionaire ranks help will surely come. One of the wisest and truest reformers I have ever known was a banker and a millionaire. Alas! that the men we most need are the first to be taken away from us!

And now John Roach—though he counts his millions by the score and his employes by the thousand—even he, before the Labor Commission, finds the truth forced from him in these words:

"The only way of benefiting the condition of labor in general was to give it a chance at the land. In his opinion, if the Government would give 150 acres of land to every man who would go West and cultivate it himself, there would be an easy solution of the labor question. In order to do this effectually the Government should appropriate a certain sum for transporting emigrants to the West."

Is it indeed clear that this Republic does not afford to its citizen, who cannot obtain work whereby to support his family, any resource but the poorhouse, the prison, the "tramp"—which is even made a crime—or suicide? With our boundless resources, both of Nature and of Art—of natural capital and acquired capital—is this, indeed, all the resource that

(Continued on page 102.)

'NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A TEXAS murderer has received a sentence of ninety-nine years' imprisonment.

EX-SENATOR BLAINE has leased his handsome residence in Washington for a term of years.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR spent last week at and around Newport, enjoying the hospitalities of friends.

THE survivors of the Arctic steamer *Proteus* reached this port on the 29th, in the United States ship of war *Tantic*.

THE Maryland Republicans have nominated an exceptionally strong State ticket, headed by Hon. H. B. Holton for Governor.

IN Trenton, N. J., the wires and poles of the Western Union Telegraph Company have been taxed by the municipal authorities.

THE Korean Ambassadors last week visited West Point, and other points of interest, and subsequently proceeded to Washington.

THE price of pig-iron is lower than it has been for over four years. There is much interest and anxiety in the trade as to the future.

THE cars on the Brooklyn Bridge commenced running last week, but with some irregularity, owing to defects in the brakes and grips.

THREE men were killed and several seriously injured by the explosion of the boiler of a tug-boat at Albany, N. Y., on the 28th ultimo.

IT is proposed to establish a quarantine to prevent the introduction of yellow fever into the United States from the west coast of Mexico.

TWO CANDIDATES presented themselves last week for admission to the course of study offered to women at Columbia College in this city.

JUDGE HOADLY, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, has partly recovered his health, and is again taking an active part in the canvass.

A NEGRO who had attained the age of 110 years died in New Orleans last week. He was a native of Africa, and claimed to be the son of a King of one of the coast tribes.

TWO NEGROES who were hanged at Chatham, Va., on the 28th ult., sold their bodies to a physician for ten dollars each a few days before their execution, and spent the money for dinners, wine and cigars.

IN a regatta at Pittsburgh, Pa., last week, Hosmer and Ten Eyck made the fastest three-mile race ever rowed. Hosmer's time was 20:03, and that of Ten Eyck 20:07. This beats the world's record by eleven seconds.

JOHN B. CARROLL, formerly a clerk in the Bureau of Arrears, New York city, connected with the Comptroller's Department, was arrested, charged with complicity in frauds amounting, so far as ascertained, to \$15,000.

IN order to evade the provincial laws, which are very strict as to gift enterprises and lotteries, a drawing for prizes in the \$25,000 lottery, under the auspices of the Orange Lodges of Ottawa district, took place last week on board a steamer on the American side of the St. Lawrence River.

A NUMBER of the principal gamblers of St. Louis have been indicted, and the Grand Jury has made a presentment showing that a well-organized ring exists in the city in the interest of professional gamblers' and lottery-dealers, who are ready and willing to pay large sums of money to secure immunity from police interference.

MR. JOHN P. HOWARD, of Burlington, proposes to give a new building for the Medical Department of the University of Vermont and rent the old building for a gymnasium. The aggregate cost will be about \$40,000. This will make over \$400,000 that Mr. Howard has given to the University and the City of Burlington within ten years.

OWN hundred vessels were sunk and crippled, and over fifty lives lost, by the recent hurricane in the West Indies. Besides the vessels sunk and stranded at Nassau a great many ships were wrecked at other points, crops were ruined, houses were blown down, and half the buildings in a town of 6,000 inhabitants were destroyed.

THE referee in the tax suit brought by the State of New York against the Western Union Telegraph Company, has rendered a decision in favor of the State for \$178,307. This sum is for the taxes for only one year, but determines the remaining taxes in favor of the State, making the total amount recoverable under the decision from the company about \$620,000.

THE Irish Benevolent Catholic Unions' Convention, held at Providence, R. I., last week, resolved to support the hierarchy and clergy morally and materially in the establishment and support of schools to give Catholic children a good Christian education, and expressed sympathy with the heroic people of Ireland in the struggle for national self government.

THE New York Democratic State Convention, held at Buffalo last week, was marked by entire harmony, all the New York factions being represented on the same basis as last year. The following ticket was nominated: For Secretary of State, Isaac H. Mynard; for Comptroller, Alfred C. Chapin; for State Treasurer, Robert A. Maxwell; for Attorney-general, Dennis O'Brien; for State Engineer and Surveyor, Eliehan Sacket. Tammany has three members of the new State Committee.

Foreign.

THE Arctic expedition of Professor Nordenskjöld has arrived at Gottenburg.

THREE diplomas have been awarded to American exhibitors in the Electrical Exhibition at Vienna.

THE Algerian insurgent chief, Si Sliman, has been killed at a feast to which he was invited by two other chieftains.

MR. BRADLAUGH declares his purpose to again demand his seat in the House of Commons on the re-assembly of Parliament.

JAMES McDERMOTT, the Irish-American charged with conspiracy, who was recently ordered to be discharged from custody, refuses to quit the prison unless police protection is afforded him.

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science has decided to invite the American Society for the Advancement of Science to become honorary members of the association during its visit to Montreal in 1884.

THE examination of O'Donnell, the murderer of Carey, the informer, took place in London last week, and brought out some damaging evidence against him. He was committed for trial, and ex-Judge Fullerton and Roger A. Pryor have been retained by Irishmen in America to defend him.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 103.



LI-HUNG-CHANG, CHINESE PRIME MINISTER.

TSO-TSUNG-TANG, CHINESE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

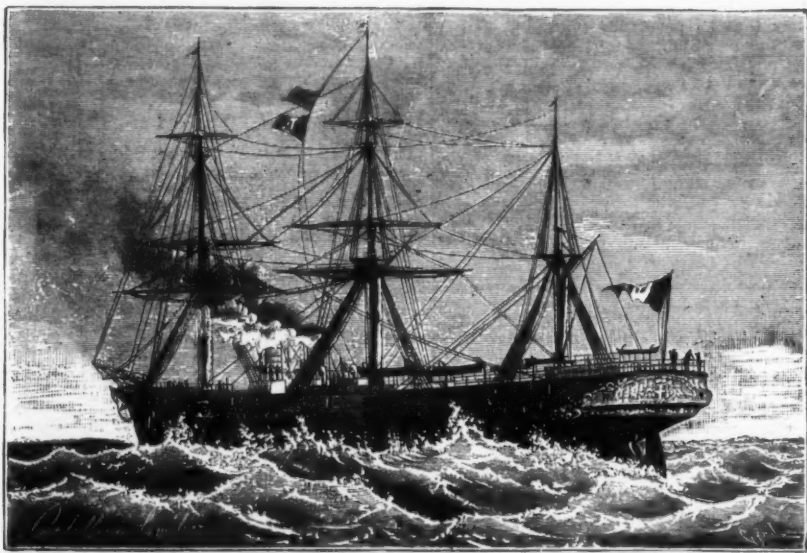
TONG-KING-SING, LI-HUNG-CHANG'S CONFIDENTIAL ADVISER.



AUSTRIA.—FUNERAL OF THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD—THE CORTÈGE LEAVING THE CHATEAU OF FROHSDOFF.



CHINA.—A FIELD BATTERY OF THE "GREEN TURBANS," OR FOREIGN-DRILLED TROOPS.



ITALY.—THE ROYAL YACHT "SAVOY," OF THE NAVY.



DENMARK.—RECEPTION OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY IN THE PALACE AT FREDENSBORG, AUG. 31ST.



FRANCE.—THE STATUE OF GEN. LAFAYETTE, INAUGURATED AT FUY, SEPT. 6TH.



NEW YORK.—THE CLUB-ROOMS OF "THE CHRISTIAN UNION FOR CHINESE WORK," IN BROOKLYN—LADIES TEACHING PUPILS THE ALPHABET.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 107.



NEW YORK CITY.—CASTING THE GEN. ROBERT E. LEE STATUE AT THE FOUNDRY OF THE HENRY & BONNARD BRONZE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, IN MERCER STREET, SEPT. 15TH
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 107.

OLD LETTERS.

IT seems but yesterday she died, but years have passed since then; the wondrous change of time

Makes great things little, little things sublime, And sanctifies the dew of daily tears. She died, as all must die; no trace appears In History's page, nor save in my poor rhyme, Of her, whose life was love, whose lovely prime Passed sadly where no sorrows are, nor fears. It seems but yesterday; to-day I read A few short letters in her own dear hand, And doubted if 'twere true. Their tender grace Seems radiant with her life! Oh! can the dead Thus in their letters live? I tied the band, And kissed her name as though I kissed her face.

—EARL OF ROSLYN.

THE ROSLYN CLAIM.

"THAT is a strange story, Grey."

He looked up at me over his spectacles with a disbelieving air.

"No stranger to my mind than that I should be concerned in it. I am all absorbed in that, you see."

"Well, I wish you success, Grey, I am sure. And if you should want any advice—"

But I did not wait for him to finish; with a little smile I gathered up my papers, and went back to my office.

It was natural Hollister should say that. He was an old lawyer, and I a mere fledgling, working my upward way slowly but surely, I thought, with satisfaction. It was only natural he should be jealous that a young man should be appointed to this settlement of the Roslyn claim. I could not blame Hollister.

My heart beat the higher for it. I could have kissed the little note I found upon my desk, which came so opportunely:

"Please call at earliest convenience on
MISS CYNTHIA ROSLYN."

There was, perforce, an outside bit of wonder at the dainty penmanship, and the general make up of this note; even the delicate perfume moved upon me. Miss Cynthia was so unlike the violets, the light lines, the gentle tints of this; I could but smile as I recalled the stiff, angular woman who had dropped into my office that unexpected day. But—

A frown knit my brows as suddenly I remembered how young a man I was. What had such vagaries to do with the Roslyn claim, the proper settlement of which was to raise me to a higher rung of the ladder than I had ever dared hope to reach so early? With a determined grasping for business principles, I took the next train for W—.

It was but a little ride into the country, and a walk of a few minutes brought me to Miss Cynthia's house. I handed in my card with my best legal air, and walked with studied dignity into the parlor. But, despite me, as I looked around the pretty room, from one artistic trifle to another, I could not help remarking Miss Cynthia's inconsonance with it all; I could not help wishing she were a bit less stiff and angular. Something a little inspiring in the client I was sure would help mightily in the case.

But there was scant space for reflection, or to frown; almost immediately a little figure crossed the door-sill, and came up to where I stood. For I had not moved towards her; I had been quite too surprised.

She was not the lady I had called to see. She was, it seemed to me that moment, the fairest bit of girlhood my eyes had ever seen, and I gazed at her in open admiration.

"I beg your pardon." They were the only words I could think to say.

"And why, Mr. Grey—why should you beg pardon for calling on me? Is it a way you lawyers have?"

"I called to see Miss Cynthia Roslyn," I answered, confusedly, but with a quick fancy of a girl's trick she was playing.

"Yes," she regarded me a moment silently, in open bewilderment, and suddenly a laugh—rather, a series of laughs—burst from her lips. "Is it possible," she went on, between them, "that you thought I was Aunt Phoebe? It would be just like Aunt Phoebe to mix it up all some odd way. But—oh! I thought you lawyers were so sharp."

I felt the slur as never slur before, but surprise, and a sudden joy within me, overcame.

"Do you mean to say you are Miss Cynthia Roslyn?" I asked, eagerly.

"Of course." The bright blue eyes looked up, still laughing, at me. "But I know just how it was. Aunt Phoebe, you see, did not think it quite proper that I should go to explain this business to so young a man; in fact, they were all opposed to my having so young a man, but I have a real dread of courts and judges, and I knew I could talk more freely to a young man than to a—regular lawyer, and so I determined to have you. But I know just how it was. Aunt Phoebe told me the story in her own queer way, and you made—well, quite a natural mistake. Oh, dear; oh—"

She had chattered on, seemingly as unconscious of my involuntary admiration as of the natural exasperation she at times aroused in me. But suddenly she paused, and her face grew a trifle grave.

"There is one thing I should tell you at the outset, Mr. Grey. I really wanted Lawyer Hollister; you know Lawyer Hollister, of course. You see, I was so well acquainted with him, only there were other reasons, I suppose—not quite proper for me to tell you."

"Anything is proper for you to tell your lawyer," I suggested, ridiculously, again nettled at the reference to Hollister.

"Perhaps so," she answered, a bit absently. "It is only what a great many know," she added, with a pretty blush and smile. "Mr. Hollister one time wanted to marry me."

"Did he?" The words burst from my lips with an energy I could not control; but she did not seem to note.

"Yes, Mr. Grey. And though I could not marry him, I have always respected him very greatly, and should have liked his services in this case—only, of course, I could not ask him. I wonder what he will think of it? I suppose he will say, like the rest, I ought not to have so young a man."

"But—you want me?"

I had bent eagerly towards her as she spoke in her childish way; all save the fair face and the beautiful, laughing eyes I was now fast forgetting.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Grey. You are my choice; and besides, they say you are a very clever young lawyer, indeed. I am perfectly satisfied."

"You may be very sure, then, Miss Roslyn—"

Some other ridiculous words I was about to say, when the sudden appearance of Aunt Phoebe recalled me to myself. A moment I regarded her with a mingled feeling of vexation, and relief that she was not Miss Cynthia; and then again I frowned as I remembered how young a man I was. With a second determined grasping for business principles, I turned my attention to the papers and information which Miss Cynthia had for me. With my best legal air I offered opinions and suggestions, though, strive as I did, I could not help the mad thrills that answered the soft, admiring glances, the at times really awestruck face, of pretty little Miss Cynthia.

An hour later I went away, a man very much in love, but a lawyer determined to win his case. I had an inspiration, now, I thought; an object to buoy me on to the successful settlement of this claim, and to another—

Both of Roslyn, I thought, with a happy laugh. Both must, should be, in my favor. I had impressed pretty Miss Cynthia—that I knew; and I would make the most of every opportunity as the days went by. She should not lack golden opinions of her lawyer; and, when the claim was settled, what more natural than that her lawyer should be her lover, all this most romantic way?

So I dreamed and planned, all the backward trip. As I turned the key in my office-door there came a flashing thought of Hollister. There was other reason, then, for his jealousy of me. I was sorry for Hollister—that was all. I was too absorbed to think more of him.

Those were happy days that followed. I worked hard, determinedly; ever amid a shimmer of golden ringlets and a light of blue, laughing eyes. And ever, when I willed it, it was mine to seek the fair reality of my client; I could always find some real pretext for going out to W—. Surely lover never had a fairer chance; surely none ever more improved it.

So, till that last evening we stood alone in her pretty parlor. The case was to be presented on the morrow; the business was all settled, there was naught for me but to go away. Her little hand was in mine, and there was only a good-night on my lips. For I would not speak, I would not even hint; yet, I had decided. But, somehow, as I stood there, I could not bear it; some little word, despite me, I must speak to her.

"Miss Cynthia," I said, "when this business is settled, there is another claim I mean to offer."

"Yes, Mr. Grey?"

There was a sudden up-flashing of the azure eyes, and a quick down-looking as she spoke. Just a little glance, but I read it well—the tender love Cynthia Roslyn had given thus soon to me. My arms were most about her, and my kisses on her lips, when suddenly Aunt Phoebe's step resounded in the hallway.

But I need not care so much, I thought, blissfully, as I went out into the night. Why, since there was a whole lifetime of sweet embraces, of kisses, now before me? For, as never before, the fact arose unchallenged—

The case must be, should be, won.

The case was—lost. I sat in my office that same evening, almost mad from disappointment. The especially ignominious circumstances of the failure would have been enough to bear, but the thought of her went quite beyond me.

It was all over now. Even if she were so foolish as to allow in so stupid a lawyer still a lover, I would be no party to it. To go to her a triumphant victor in the fight, to take her in my arms with as sure a claim upon her pride as love, had been my aim with Cynthia Roslyn. To go to her a beggar for the bounty of a smile and forgiving look; to plead compassion for a passion, dearly as I loved her, was no part of mine. It could never be. I had promptly sent her the decision in the case, and—simply signed my name.

A note from Hollister was on my desk:

"DEAR GREY—Do not be discouraged that you have lost the case. You did as well as any living lawyer could have done. And so, why should you care?"

It was friendly—and there should have been a chord between Hollister and me; rationally, I should have been sorry, now, for him. He had loved Cynthia Roslyn, who had never cared for him. I might rationally hope, even at this hour, that she would love me—it might be more. But I would not; and, somehow, it moved me oppositely with Hollister. He suddenly dawned on me a rival, a now persisting, successful suitor, for Cynthia Roslyn's hand. She would marry him yet—the sure sequel flashed on me.

It grew with the days, and strangely it helped me to bear it all; this fact I could not overcome. I took up the old life as best I could—the empty, dreary plodding to which my days were doomed. The Winter passed; Aunt Phoebe called and paid the bill with the grim rigor she naturally felt for me. Once I caught a glimpse of Cynthia Roslyn on the street, and for a time, perforce, fought its madness. And in the meantime rumors were afloat; Hollister was to be married, the lawyers said. I was not surprised; I only smiled,

and went on plodding. Till that day when I awoke with a shock from my lethargy to a lively, passionate misery beyond me thus to endure.

It fretted me on to coddle it. With a sudden impulse I left my desk and went over to Hollister's office. I would fill my cup—from him.

"I hear you are going to be married, Hollister," I said, after an interval of little pretending business.

He looked up with a quiet smile.

"Yes, I think so, Grey," he answered. "I should have told you, only you have seemed so strange of late. I am afraid that Roslyn case is troubling you quite too much. Yes, I am going to be married the 28th of March."

Other words were on my lips, but I could not speak them; the filling drop I craved madly should be spared my cup. With almost a cry I changed the subject, and went, as quickly as I could, away from him. But it was a day of impulses, for fate had taken me in hand. What I could not hear from him I oddly resolved to hear from her. Ten minutes later I was on my way to W—.

Brain was seething, heart was mad with pain and passion as I rang the bell at the little cottage and sent up my card. But I could not escape it now, and—I did not want to; my soul called out inexorably for one sweet, one last glimpse of her. She did not keep me waiting; a little, and she came to greet me quietly, coldly—as became the affianced bride of Andrew Hollister, in fresh madness, there, I thought.

"I took the liberty to call and congratulate you, Miss Roslyn," was all I could say—all I came to say.

"To congratulate me, Mr. Grey?"

"On your approaching marriage with Mr. Hollister," I went on, strivingly. "You will find in him a man and a—"

But a flash from the blue eyes silenced me—a look in them I had never seen before.

"If that is your business, Mr. Grey," she broke in, crisply, "allow me to refer you to Miss Retta Davison, in the lower town. I never had any intention, nor any second invitation, to marry Andrew Hollister. I did expect—I will say it, and I do not care—I did expect to marry some one else. Some one plainly intimated his desires; some one pretended to fall in love with me the first time that he met me; some one went away and never came back again. I do not know why, and—I do not care. I suppose it is a way you lawyers have."

She did not intend to end it quite that way, she told me afterwards; but little I heeded it. A moment in daze and shame I stood, looking into the sweet, blushing face, and then—what part of mine equal to kneeling down before her, a beggar for the bounty of a smile, a forgiving look? A little she resisted me; a little angrily she shook her head, as I talked to her, but—

One blessed moment she threw her dear arms about my neck and whispered:

"Yes, Mr. Grey, I will."

Two days later this line came to me from happy Hollister:

"Congratulations that the Roslyn claim best worth offering has been settled in your favor."

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

(Continued from page 99.)

can be afforded to that miserable man?—his distress, how intensified by the misery of the dear ones looking vainly up to him for support! Even when "times" are at the best, and work the most plentiful, and wages at the highest, the condition of that man is an eating anxiety—eating into the heart of every man who lives only by wages, who feels his uncertain position, and looks forward to what may come. Who will compute the millions who toil heavily all their waking hours for a meagre support, with the dark shadow before them, into which, when they enter, there will be no support at all?—and from which civilization offers them, as the last alternative—

"That dark and hideous close
To even intolerable woes"—

let me write down the hideous word "self-murder."

Yes, "self-murder"! During the contraction of the currency, and consequent depression from 1873 to 1879, I collected official data clearly indicating from fifteen to twenty thousand extra suicides in this Republic, in that time, over and above the numbers that disgraced it in the six preceding years. Of those who sank before sorrow, privation, and consequent disease, no account was or could be taken.

And all through those dreary and painful years—how dreary and painful in our social relations!—the sun shone as brightly, the rains descended as refreshingly, the bounties of Nature came forth as lovingly, as ever they did before. But of what good to the man who could not reach them—whose right to share in them was not even spoken of? With means afforded him to make a home on even ten acres of the public lands, all would have been cheerfulness and hope, and even happiness, through those charnel years.

Had Congress abundance of public lands at its disposal during this "hideous" ordeal? Had it an overflowing treasury? Had it a crowd of engineers educated at the public cost to survey those lands? Would a humane, Christian, statesmanlike disposition of those resources have turned the griefs of those dark years into rejoicing? Your Michigan correspondent voices a terrible truth when he states that nineteen-twentieths of his brother-workmen, including himself, were thrown out, workless, homeless, breadless. Fortunately for him and for his compeers, they were in a cheap and charitable country. They, or most of them, weathered the storm. Him-

self, a man of rare energy, toiled through the next three years for a net proceeds of "sixty dollars"! He had, it appears, periled life in preserving the "life of the Republic," and yet for the three years' heavy toil he received less reward than not a few of our officials receive for the work, or the no work, of a single day!

But how superior was even his condition to that of the city proletarian. He was in a plentiful country, among men who had not been hardened out of the sympathies of nature. He was beside the land which he bravely entered on. After ten years' toil, isolation and privation of various kinds, he wrenched a home from the wilderness and lives no longer only by the "permission of an employer." He seems to intimate to the strugglers all over, in town and city, "Go ye and do likewise." How vain the intimation to a man, who, afar from the public lands, has not the command of a dollar—who is clutching for a "hand-to-mouth subsistence," and often clutching in vain. The heroic and successful example of Mr. Barlow is lost upon that man. He has children—many of the boys, no doubt, make way into employments of various kinds, become skilled laborers even, and even then have to work for low wages and repose on an uncertainty. His daughters are subjected to an ordeal in an inverse ratio to their strength to bear it. Their wages, for the same productive result, average, perhaps, one-half of what their brothers receive. They breathe the mixed impurities of the crowded factory instead of the health-inspiring breath of the rural fields. There is a sky, and sunshine and clouds, without, but their sky is the workshop roof—their sunshine struggles in at the dingy windows. When emancipated by the evening hour, their buoyant step and light laugh give little indication of what their hands and thoughts have gone through during the long working hours—what their confined, bent position has been. How different from the free air and exercise and light, healthful toil that ought to prepare them for the sacred duties that lie, or ought to lie, before them! And even this constrained life is not assured to them—the caprice of an employer, or a change in the market may, at any time, leave them nothing to rest upon. What then? Ay, what then?

Have our elected ones charged with the welfare of the people and the stability of the Republic realized those things? If they have, are they not very remiss, not to say guilty? If they have not, are they not very unobservant, not to say stupid?

To survey townships on the public lands and afford a temporary loan to facilitate their settlement—what harm would it do to anybody? What confusion or disquiet would it work in our public affairs? No harm—no confusion. Order and quiet and absence of crime, and emptying of poorhouse and prison, would be the steadily growing result. With such a resource offered, the city authorities everywhere could thrust out the thieves—the criminals generally who are now on the police books, and every one who could not show an honest means by which he lives. Put them in a district by themselves, under relentless surveillance till the acquired villainy would be purified out of them, and the natural good come forth that, in all cases, less or more, lies underneath.

Is there not need for this? Does not every succeeding month and week and day show an increase of crime, and confusion and danger to person, and to that more sacred thing "property"—held more sacred as times go. And if this anarchy has made such headway within the last ten years and if nothing is done, where will it be at the end of the ten or twenty years to come?

But what shall I say of the toilers themselves, as grouped into their various combinations of "labor"? Whoever takes a view of the social condition and the attitude of these toilers might well be stricken with dismay. Not all the Vanderbilts, Astors and Goulds combined; not all the corporations of cotton, iron, lands, waters and mines combined; not all the wealth and cultured forces at their back; not all the smaller monopolists and traders that stand behind them, form a power against progress so formidable as the toilers themselves. It is, indeed, a sorrow to say this—to make such a heavy and disgracing charge against men to whom the keenest, painfulest sympathies of the heart gush forth at the view of their trampled-on and scorned condition—how scorned, let the freight-handlers and telegraphers declare; treated as if they were born slaves sent to this world to exist only by their masters' permission and by becoming their slaves. Assuming, and alas! not untruly, that it is

"—the condition of the soil,
That those who think shall govern those who toil";
treading down the descendants of the Revolutionary fathers, and even the defenders of the "nation's life," as if they had no part in the endowments of the Creator; that in determining the present and shaping out the future of the Republic, they, the Creative Class—probably the most virtuous, and, certainly, the most useful, class—are of no account whatever. And this impotence, this degradation, accepted by them, if the conditions of their slavery are only rendered a little more tolerable!

To find those sovereigns of the Republic only asking this condition, and to find the "superior" class refusing it, does it not present a social picture new to history? Enslavements heretofore were enforced by the sword—by an offered alternative of slavery or death; accepted only under these conditions, and never suffered so long as the slave found even the most desperate and dangerous prospect of escape. Let me repeat the question, dishonoring though it be: Is not this abject attitude of the men—the citizens who live by toil—an attitude, an accepted degradation, new to history? The attitude of their oppressors is not new. It is, with a few exceptions, as old as history reaches back. And

yet, even to those men, it was far more of a mistake and a loss than a success and a gain.

For there never was a man who lived the life of an oppressor but did so at his own proper cost and loss. Who will say that the slayers of the people in heathen Rome—the patrician slayers—were happier while wallowing in luxury and blood than their own Cincinnatus cultivating his seven-acre field? Who will say that Jay Gould, disturbed and sorrowing over a petard addressed to his family at the post-office, was more happy, or even now is more happy, than if he had lived a blessing to his generation rather than, shall I say it, a curse?

There is what must be called a spiritual possession, apart and distinct from a material possession. Of the latter, man has no more than a short lease that may be cut in two at any moment. One particle of that material possession as Gould had to admit on the witness stand, he "cannot take with him" into the dread future. But the spiritual, the immortal, possession is a man's family—the wife, the children, the friends he loves and values. Here is the true thought that possesses him. It is thus grandly pictured by the bard of Nature in "The Cottar's Saturday Night"—

Knocking down to heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father and the husband prays;
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time wheels round in an eternal sphere.

Would that "cottar"—toil-worn and oppressed by the land monopolist who took away the fruits of his toil—would he give the least of those little ones for all any monopolist ever possessed? No! By very instinct he realized the difference between the spiritual that would go along with him forever and the decaying "material" which must be left behind. And so it is at this day—here and everywhere. Ask the oppressed husband and wife who love each other whether they would give to destruction one of the little ones whose support oppresses them—ask them would they give it to destruction for all the richest man in the world may possess. If they would not, then have that man and that woman a treasure superior to all that Gould has scraped together—grasped by fissuring his brain all over with the rails of road and the wires of telegraph?

The haphazard settlements of the Past have all been into the solitary farmstead. So it may not be in the civilized township which ought to distinguish the future. There is not an element of mental improvement, culture, taste, enjoyment, that is not attainable in that township—up to the aspiration of its inhabitants, however high that aspiration may be. Streets and roads and parks already laid out, machinery and buildings will follow. Of co-operation, just as much or as little as themselves might determine. How to attain to this secure and natural condition—a condition that might easily be shown would do good to all and injury to no man, however rich and affluent his present condition in life—is now the question to be considered. The object is pre-eminently purifying and conservative. It will disturb no man either in his business or his property. It will repress and root out present crime and nip its future in the bud. It will merely put it in man's power to regulate his own hours, his own wages, the ages and the wages and the education of his children. It will, in short, solve the problem that the learned world has been so long vainly because unnaturally trying to solve. It is so simple and so conservative withal that thinking men all round will surely come to see it, as J. K. Ingalls and Heber Newton and John Roach and Jeremiah Murphy came to see it on the witness stand. It forms, indeed, the most momentous issue for good or for evil ever presented, not to this Republic only, but to the world.

In another issue I purpose to suggest means by which this vital reform may be accomplished.

THOMAS ANGE DEVER.

AMONG THE BEARS OF BERNE.

NOTHING can be prettier or more picturesque than this quaint little old town of Berne, perched on its steeply terraced peninsula in the very arms of the sparkling, singing river Aar. Of all Swiss towns it still seems to me the most charming; oldest, oddest, fullest of pictures, most indescribable in its wealth of local coloring. The river sweeps round and almost encircles it, with emerald green rapids and foamy shallows that slide in thin ripples over the sandy bottom; beyond the river the sunny slopes of meadow land, and long lines of poplars, leaning after their fashion all one way; and still beyond these rise the snowy, glittering battlements of the Bernese Oberland. The streets of the town zigzag in long terraces down to the river; some with gay little gardens steeply sloping to the water's edge, some turning their backs upon river and meadow and mountain, and showing a motley confusion of jutting wings, queer little balconies, some open, some closed in like fantastic bird-cages, and full of flowers, red gables, peaks and long irregular slopes of tiled roofs. Here are green-turfed ramparts, intersected with narrow roads, one cut above another and shaded with lindens and the quaint stiff poplars; broad bridges with shallow stone arches span the river, and the rushing water makes a sweet incessant babbling and singing around the piers. I can hear it in my fancy as I listen, and it lures me to wander again through those quaint streets, and go over, step by step, the very ground that I trod in that Summer holiday.

Closer by our hotel, with its windows facing the snowy range, is the queer little *Munster Gasse*, where a bit of the ancient moat, drained and paved, is turned into the oddest no-boroughfare of little old houses, their tiles and overhanging eaves level with the raised sidewalks of the street above. An open market-place lies between it and the Hauptstrasse, which, by the way, boasts half a dozen names, being called indifferently after the several fountains which ornament it. And into the Hauptstrasse I loiter, under an old arched gateway surmounted by a tall clock tower—a heavy, dark archway which

crosses and shadows half the width of the street, and in whose shadow nestle queer little booths, built against the stone buttresses and in the angles, where all sorts of small wares are bought and sold over a wide window ledge which serves as counter. I am in luck this morning, for it is market-day in Berne, and not only the Hauptstrasse, but every street intersecting it, and every open place, is crowded with rude temporary booths and awnings of flapping sailcloth, and with swarms of peasants in their gayest holiday garb. I am—so far as I can see—the only alien and stranger in the crowd, and it is not without the exercise of some ingenuity that I escape much jostling and hustling from the big baskets and the strong brown elbows of Bernese men eager for traffic. Here are real Swiss maidens in the dress that is to say, picturesque and pretty—the dress that is to say, the faces above it are very brown and rugged and uncomely, and as for shape, one North European emigrant woman at Castle Garden will give you a type of all her class; the broad shoulders and square waist, the massive hips and the peculiar rocking gait and long, heavy stride. But these Bernese women are gay in short, wide, woolen skirts of purple and black and dark-blue, with white stockings and low slippers; their bodies of black cloth or velvet come up to the nape of the neck behind, and from the line of the shoulders are cut low to show the dazzlingly clean, white chemise, whose sleeves, reaching to the elbows, gain an effect of fullness from a broad flap, stiffly starched, which turns up and is caught on the shoulder. The sunburnt, strong wrists are decked with gayly embroidered wristlets of velvet or coarse black lace, and the front of the bodice laced across with silver chains, which also pass under the arms, and are fastened by clasps and brooches of silver filigree. Most of the girls are bareheaded, but the elder women all wear broad, flapping straw hats with infinitesimal crowns, under whose shadow the plain, hard-featured, anxious, elderly faces look out almost grotesquely. What a strange story they tell of hard, narrow lives, of drudgery that has no more ennobling aim than daily bread, of the unconscious starvation of the soul, and the dark, narrow, walled-in mental horizon from which those patient eyes look out to the horizon of everlasting hills and eternal snows!

The greatest crowd is around those booths where the silver chains and brooches are sold, and here there is a vast amount of pushing and crowding, eager girls squeezing up to spend their long-hoarded savings in a new set of chains for holiday wear, and a Babel-like clatter and chatter of Swiss and German dialects. A few men in embroidered blue blouses hang on the outskirts of these groups, but they for the most part collect about the stalls for tobacco and carved wood pipes, and in the lanes of booths where clothing and boots and shoes are dangling for sale. Among the men is a great preponderance of under-sized and dwarfish creatures; weird little kobolds, with grinning faces and evil eyes, who look as if they had just popped up out of the bowels of the earth to drive a ghostly trade in the souls of the peasant. They are handling and pricing the blue cotton blouses that are swung in long rows, the groves of trousers, the colored handkerchiefs and peaked black cloth caps; and they congregate in vast numbers in one street where aisles of booths are devoted wholly to cheeses, and whose pestilential atmosphere would, I should think, depopulate Tophet itself. Further down the high street, where the tall fountain with its figure of blindfolded justice has given it the name of the "Gerechtigkeitsstrasse," the poultry market has set up its stalls; and here the cackling, quacking, crowing, clucking and cooing rises to a perfect uproar, which drowns even the shrill notes of clucking Bienenrinnen. From another quarter I catch far off bleatings and baaings, but the pathetic spectacle of these woolly victims does not draw me to follow the sounds of woe.

All these sights and sounds are concentrated in the open street, paved evenly without the distinction of sidewalks, and furrowed down the centre with a deep gutter of running water, bridged over at regular distances with flat stones. Over this gutter the fountains are built—huge basins of stone, with a supplementary trough for horses and cattle, and in the centre a tall, stone shaft, surmounted with figures graceful or grotesque. The statue above the Gerechtigkeitsbrunnen is a very beautiful one, with sword and scales and all the paraphernalia of justice; near by is a bear in plate armor, with a barred visor, and a banner held aloft in one paw, and a shield in the other. In an open square just beyond stands the "Kindlifresser," or ogre, realistically and cheerfully painted after the life. The ogre is depicted in the act of supping off child-meat *à la nature*; his eyes are rolling horribly, and his jaws expanded to take in a kicking infant who is just going down head first, clothes and all. In a bag at his back are strapped other supplies of fresh meat, and several shrieking babes are dangling at his belt in attitudes suggestive of physical and mental agony. I could not help wondering whether the small children of Berne live in a continual cold sweat of terror of the Kindlifresser, or whether they grow up coldly skeptical, looking upon this awful presentment with the contempt born of familiarity.

People for the most part walk along the middle of the street, but a paved sidewalk runs in a long arcade under the second stories of the stone and stucco-fronted houses, and to this one mounts by a couple of little steps in front of each door. The arcade is supported by open arches, and wooden benches and little stalls are placed here and there, where the shopkeepers sit and knit or smoke, as the case may be. Above, the house-fronts are garished with striped awnings at the windows, deep window-seats padded with scarlet cushions, and tiny balconies full of flowers. The eaves are immensely broad and drooping, and the whole front seems to be braced up and supported by shallow buttresses, rising from the ground to the second-story windows, which give a very curious effect to the vista of the street, as if the whole row of houses were slanting gradually backward from the perpendicular. A never ending fascination in the odd, dark, stuffy little shops, where, for the most part, only the cheapest and commonest goods are sold. There are a great many bazaars, full of the stereotyped wooden bears, woodwork of all sorts, paper-knives, inkstands, photographs, braided baskets, with "Berne" in colored worsteds, and little books of badly printed views. One or two *bric-a-brac* shops lure me in, but there is misery in the sight of ancient painted glass, brass-work, old lamps and pottery, for which, in the first place, I cannot afford the price, and, in the second, have not the packing room. Beware, oh, all ye female ravers in Europe, of being parted—under pretense of expense and trouble on the railways—from your roomy trunks!

Turning away from the high street I come upon the old gray cathedral in its open square, now filled with meat-stalls, for the butchers of Berne are keeping market-day in this quarter. The cathedral is closed, for this is Protestant Switzerland, and one may not worship except at stated hours, and at seven-day intervals. Under existing circumstances it is not agreeable to loiter round the square, and I can take only a superficial glance at the carvings round the deep old doorway—the Last Judgment with myriads of tiny figures writhing and petrified in the dark gray stone, and the Wise and Foolish Virgins, each with her lamp, glowering and simpering at each other. The cathedral is built on the ramparts, which widen behind it into a large square, with a massive old stone wall breast high, over which one may lean and look down upon the roofs of houses in a single narrow street below, and on the sparkling shallows of the Aar. Here was once the "Gottacker" of Berne; but modern progress has rooted up a neat little park, darkened with the shade of enormous old trees, huge of girth and wide of limb. There are many loungers sitting idly on iron benches, and knitting women chatting together in the shade; but, turning from the benches and the people, I planted my elbows in the old wall, green

with moss, and enjoyed the effect of the great buttresses sloping massively down below me, the grass and pink wall-flowers sprouting in the mouldering crevices, and the quaint little studies of life far down in the narrow street, where the frolicking children look like so many mice. A runaway horse—no bigger to me than a cat—plunged in among them, and then what a scattering and scampering! A sudden outburst of mothers from the little toy houses, a whirling up of infants in strong, bare arms, and a general disappearance again—*zeant Omnes*. I could have stood a half-day staring down on these red-tiled roofs below the old ramparts, but I remembered the bear pits yet to be seen, and went, like the "Wandering Jew," still onwards.

The bears, venerated animals kept at the public expense, have neat quarters in a green, open park just beyond one of the great stone bridges. The pits are luxuriously provided with little ponds of running water, tall climbing-poles, and dens into which the tenants retire at pleasure, all around the pits are booths for the sale of the ubiquitous wood-carvings, and also for apples, carrots, bread and cakes wherewith to propitiate the bears; and I doubt whether at any hour of the day there be not a pelting fire of gifts descending to them from one quarter or another. One very large bear I observed to be at once so wedded to the habit of being fed, and so surfeited and cloyed with dainties, that he sat erect on his haunches, with his paws languidly drooping and his mouth yawning, and waited for missiles to be launched into it. If the loaf or the carrot fell at his feet, he eyed it apathetically, but stirred not a muscle; if it landed in his mouth, he gulped it wearily down and yawned again. It is naively related in the guide book that an Englishman some years since dropped into the pit, and was taken by the bears for a sort of holiday banquet, the citizens looking on stoically while they dispatched him. Whether they offered him up as a sacrifice to these tutelary deities of Berne, or were merely averse to risking their own lives and limbs, history saith not; but the tragical climax is related with a coolness almost as philosophical as must have been the demeanor of the Bernese on that occasion.

My walk home leads me through the high street again, and lo! the booths are all gone, the peasant-women have gone, and there is nothing left but litter and *ébriété* here and there—feathers and wisps of straw in one place, trodden cabbage-leaves and vegetable stalks in another. The vendors have all "folded their tents like Arabs," and the buyers have trudged home to discuss their bargains. The street is quite quiet; there never seems to be any rattle of carts, or, indeed, of anything on wheels over the cobble pavement of Berne—always excepting the backs with their loads of sightseers. But there is a little knot of loungers collected before the clock-tower above the old archway, waiting for the minute hand to touch the hour on the huge dial; and, as they are all staring with their heads back and their mouths open, I stand to stare too. There is a little open belfry at the top of the tower, and a giant in armor, with a mace in his hand, stands beside the bell. As the clock marks the hour, he raises his mace and strikes as many ringing strokes, and then in a little niche below him, certain small automatic figures play their parts—a king, saluting with sceptre and goblet; a jester, inverting his hour-glass; and a tiny procession of armed bears filing across a miniature stage. Then the crowd heaves a satisfied sigh and disperses—the puppet show is over until the next hour strikes.

It is a delicious old bit, this dark, heavy archway and the tower—the angles and corners of houses against it, with their jutting bay windows, rough with grotesque carvings, and the bits of tiled roofing, with its dull, rich red, and all the quaint, inextricable confusion of angles, and points, and peaks, and corners, that the architecture of these Old World streets gives to the eye! I should like to rest for a half-hour and enjoy it, sitting on one of the old benches inside the arcade; but, though the seat looks very tempting, and there is a sociable-looking young woman there arranging a stall with jointed dolls, in Bernese costume, and little bear-families in brown and white wood, yet I remember that the day is slipping by, and I have yet to see the museum—a task which always requires strength, mental as well as physical. I am becoming very fond of museums. Roman remains, rusty armor, swords, keys, caques, tapestry—and yet, I am loath to speak slightly of this last, for wonderfully fascinating are the yards of faded stuff, where the quaint figures, entangled in a perspectiveless confusion, stare out at you with pale, fixed faces, so curiously like and unlike life—so cold, so angular and stiff, and yet, so realistically faithful in the finish of every line down to the minutest form! There is plenty of tapestry in the Bernese museum, so says the guide-book, and that decides me; I collect my falling strength, take my umbrella for a walking stick, and go onwards.

G. A. DAVIS.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Franco-Chinese Difficulty.

LI-HUNG-CHANG, the most able Chinese statesman of the time, to whom is intrusted the management of the case of his Government in the Tonquin difficulty, was born in 1823. After a distinguished collegiate career he was ordered to take the field against the Taeping rebels, who were then ravaging his native province. In this capacity he displayed conspicuous skill and bravery, and became successively Judicial Commissioner, an Intendant of Circuit, and Governor of the Province of Kiangsoo. Coming, in these capacities, into intimate relations with foreigners, he became convinced of their superiority, and at once became an advocate of progress, co-operating with "Chinese" Gordon, when in command of the Chinese army, and favoring generally the adoption of Western ideas. His diplomatic skill has since been illustrated in several critical emergencies. He is now Prime Minister of the Chinese Empire, and Viceroy of the Province of Chih-li. He has for years advocated the introduction into the Empire of European manufacturing and scientific systems; he began the working of the Kailping coal and iron mines; he promoted the telegraphic line which is now in course of construction along the whole coast (on shore) of China; and he has memorialized the throne on behalf of railway enterprise. He is a man of commanding appearance, being over six feet two inches in height. Tso-Tsung-Tang, the Commander in chief of the Chinese Army, is also Viceroy of the Liang-Kiang, and, as a consequence, exercises jurisdiction over Shanghai. He is an old man, being upwards of seventy years of age, and, unlike Li-Hung-Chang, is very conservative in his views, and does not look kindly upon foreign people and foreign ways. Tong-King-Sing, an official of high rank, and the Premier's right hand man in all matters, also holds advanced opinions. He is strongly in favor of railways, and, in short, of anything which will serve to develop the resources of his country. The "Green Turbans," depicted in our illustration, are a foreign-dressed body of soldiers. They were originally a remnant of Gordon's "ever-victorious army." There are tens of thousands of similarly drilled and equipped troops in China which can in any moment be put into the field. Led by foreigners, it is believed they will be very effective.

Funeral of the Count de Chambord.

Our illustration shows the removal of the body of the Count de Chambord from Frohsdorf to the railway station at Klein-Wolkersdorf, from whence it started to Goritz. During the transfer of the corpse from the chateau to the depot more than ten thousand persons from all parts of the surrounding country followed the funeral car. This car was drawn by white horses from the stables at Frohsdorf, each horse being draped in black. The car was hung with black crape, interspersed with

golden lilies, interwoven with the Arms of the House of France, and surmounted by a cupola reposing upon six columns. The cortege was very imposing. The Prince of Thurn and Taxis represented the Emperor of Austria, and after him came Don Juan, the Duke of Parma, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Don Carlos of Don Alfonso, Count Bardi, and about 5,000 French royalists. They were followed by French deputations, bearing banners and wreaths. Among them were workmen's delegations from Paris, Lyons and Brittany. The route was lined by infantry. About 50,000 foreigners were present at the ceremony.

A Royal Family Reunion.

The recent visit of the Czar and Czarina of Russia to the City of Copenhagen was made the occasion of an interesting family reunion, the Czarina being the daughter of the King of Denmark, and a great favorite with the Danish people. The royal visitor was received on their arrival, on August 29th, by the King of Denmark and the King of Greece on board the royal yacht. The next morning their Majesties were taken ashore and were escorted to the royal palace by the principal civil and military authorities and the foreign Ministers. Immense crowds of people assembled at the landing-place, and along the route to the palace, and warmly cheered the imperial visitors. Their Majesties were received at the palace by the Queen of Denmark, the Princess of Wales and a brilliant court. We give an illustration of this family reunion.

The Italian Royal Yacht "Savoie."

The royal yacht *Savoie*, of the Italian Navy, was built last year for their Majesties King Humbert and his charming consort Queen Marguerite. The yacht is eighty-four metres long, is armed with six rifled four-ton guns, and is equipped to sail in all waters. The interior is fitted up after a right royal fashion. The royal apartments are forward, and consist of two bedrooms, with dressing-rooms, baths, etc.; a superb dining-saloon, a boudoir for the Queen, a library for the King, and a smoking-room. A little aft are the suite of rooms destined for the Prince of Naples. The apartments for the royal suite are close to the latter. All the improvements of the age are utilized on board the *Savoie*, including electric light, telegraph-bells, and a steam-launch. On the lower deck are a suite of apartments for illustrious personages and Ministers of State.

The Inauguration of the Lafayette Statue.

On the 6th of September last was inaugurated at the picturesque little town of Puy a statue of Lafayette, etc., that date being the anniversary of the birth of this distinguished son of France. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, Minister of the Interior, assisted at the ceremonial; the Minister of War was represented by his chief aide-de-camp; and United States Minister Morton and Consul-general Walker were especially *stet* by a vast crowd of distinguished personages. Mr. Morton's speech, which was most felicitous, was received with the utmost enthusiasm. The statue is by M. Helle, and is a veritable work of art. To the department of Haute-Loire, in which Lafayette was born, is due this elegant and graceful monument, and not a little of the success attendant upon its erection must be credited to Minister Morton and Consul-general Walker.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

- THE work of excavating the Panama Canal is almost at a standstill at present.
- FOUR Alaskan mummies, supposed to be three centuries old, are to be sent to the Berlin Museum.
- ALL the Powers have accepted the proposal of Italy to summon a conference at Rome to arrange an international sanitary code.
- THE Berlin Court has ordered the German translations of Zola's "Pot-Bouille" and "Nana" to be seized and destroyed.
- THE extra measures adopted by the Russian Government for securing public safety have been prolonged for a year throughout the principal provinces.
- THE Florida orange crop this year promises to be one-eighth larger than last year's. It is now beginning to ripen, and only October's gales are feared by the growers.
- A VALUABLE Raphael, lost on a journey between Munich and Dusseldorf, in 1895, was discovered a few days ago behind the wainscoting of an old country house in Rhenish Prussia.
- THE figures for the past eight months go to show that the shipments during the present year of California fruits to the East will amount to 12,000 tons, an increase of over 800 per cent. in three years.
- A REPORT emanates from London that the Czar made the ride through Moscow on the day of his coronation by proxy. He was cunningly personated by an officer of the Imperial Guard, and the secret has just been divulged.

—AN illustration of the way in which distinctively American literature is becoming known on the Continent is seen in the fact that a recent story of Mr. Bret Harte is now being published as a *feuilleton* in the St. Petersburg Gazette.

—OYSTERS in the beds along the Sound shore of Long Island are in fine quality and large in quantity. On the Atlantic shore, they are a failure, being neither plentiful nor good. The once famous Prince's Bay oysters have this year been attacked by a disease which has periodically affected them.

—AN official count shows that the constitutional amendments voted on at the recent election in Texas have been carried. The amendments authorize the investment of the school fund in such securities as may be designated by the Legislature, and provide for a separate tax for school purposes.

—CARDINALS MANNING and McCANN are going to Rome at the end of October to meet the American bishops, where they will use all their influence to obtain a declaration against Irish secret societies in America. Mr. Gladstone will also dispatch Mr. Errington as a special envoy to watch the proceedings.

—JAMES H. TELLER, Secretary of Dakota, has declined to carry out Governor Ordway's order to move his office and books to Bismarck, on the ground that, pending the final decision of the court on the subject of the dispute regarding the location of the seat of government, he, as Secretary of the Territory, is not competent to judge whether the change is proper.

—RICH petroleum deposits have been found in Roumania, one well having started off flowing over 4,000 barrels a day, and another, near by, 2,000 barrels a day. The flow of the first well was of such great volume and force that over 50,000 barrels of the yield ran to waste before it could be brought under control. The two wells are now yielding 3,000 barrels a day.

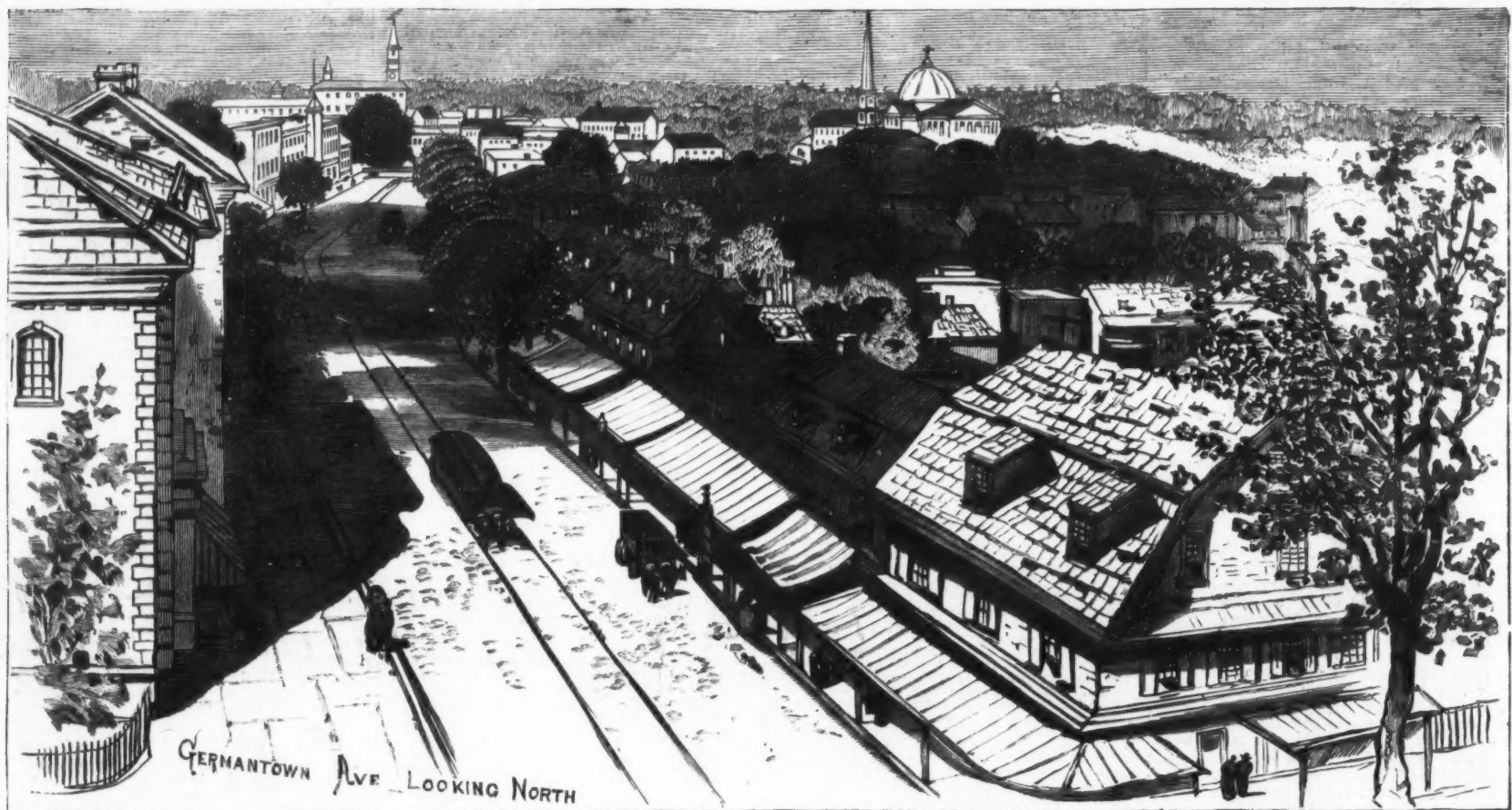
—DIGGERS in a claybed at Chester, Ill., about 150 feet above the river, have for some time been taking out immense bones, teeth, and jawbones, and a few days ago a mastodon's tusk and head were uncovered at a depth of fifteen feet. The tusk is a most beautiful and perfect specimen, all complete, without a flaw in it. The root of the tusk was slightly flat on the under side, and measured exactly eight inches in diameter. Its base measured six and a half inches, and its total length is five feet six inches.



OLD MARKET SQUARE IN 1783



CHEW HOUSE.



GERMANTOWN AVE. LOOKING NORTH



FIRST MILL IN GERMANTOWN



BUILDING USED AS A HOSPITAL DURING THE REVOLUTION

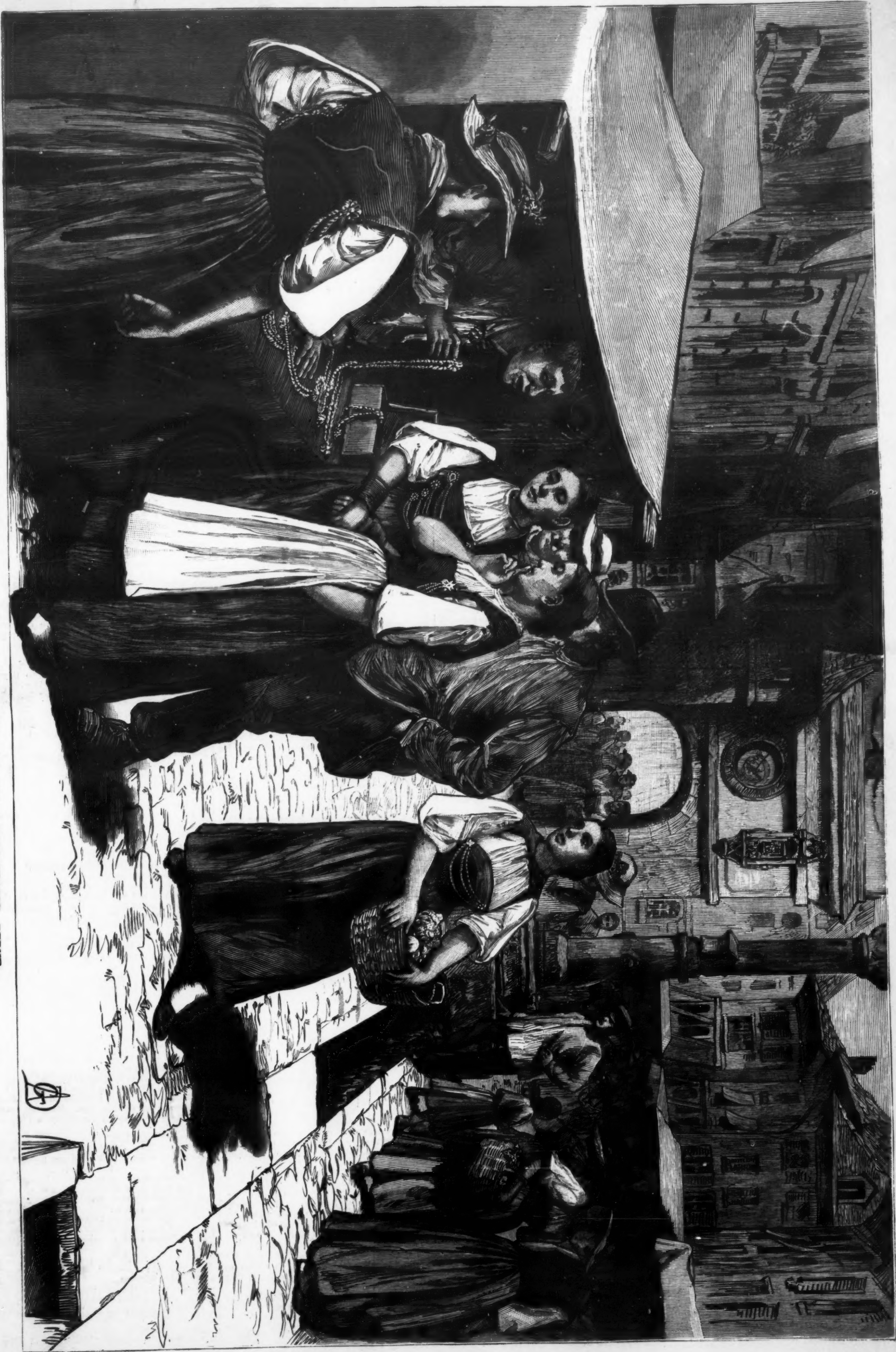


OLDEST HOUSE IN GERMANTOWN.



ST. MICHAEL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE BI-CENTENNIAL OF THE SETTLEMENT OF GERMANTOWN—SOME OF THE OBJECTS OF HISTORIC INTEREST IN THE TOWN.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 107.



A SUMMER HOLIDAY ABROAD.—No. 4: MARKET DAY IN THE HAUPTSTRASSE, BERNE.
DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAY, EXPRESSLY FOR "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."—SEE PAGE 104.

HAND AND RING.

[CONTINUED.]

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES," "THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK III.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

CHAPTER XII.—IN THE PRISON.

"Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile." —Macbeth.

MR. MANSELL sat in his cell, the prey of gloomy and perturbed thought. He knew Mr. Orcutt was dead; he had been told of it early in the morning by his jailer, but of the circumstances which attended that death he knew nothing, save that the lawyer had been struck by a limb falling from a tree in his own garden.

The few moments during which the court had met for the purpose of re-adjournment had added but little to his enlightenment. A marked reserve had characterized the whole proceedings, and though an indefinable instinct had told him that in some mysterious way his cause had been helped rather than injured by this calamity to his counsel, he found no one ready to volunteer those explanations which his great interest in the matter certainly demanded. The hour, therefore, which he spent in solitude upon his return to prison, was one of great anxiety, and it was quite a welcome relief when the cell door opened and the keeper ushered in a strange gentleman. Supposing it to be the new counsel he had chosen at haphazard from a list of names that had been offered him, Mr. Mansell rose. But a second glance assured him he had made a mistake in supposing this person to be a lawyer, and stepping back, he awaited his approach with mingled curiosity and reserve.

The stranger, who seemed to be perfectly at home in the narrow quarters in which he found himself, advanced with a frank air.

"My name is Gryce," said he, "and I am a detective. The District attorney, who, as you know, has been placed in a very embarrassing situation by the events of the last two days, has accepted my services in connection with those of the two men already employed by him, in the hope that my greater experience may assist him in determining which, of all the persons who have been accused, or who have accused themselves, of murdering Mrs. Clemmens, is the actual perpetrator of that deed. Do you require any further assurance of my being in the confidence of Mr. Ferris than the fact that I am here, and in full liberty to talk with you?"

"No," returned the other, after a short but close study of his visitor.

"Very well, then," continued the detective, with a comfortable air of ease. "I will speak to the point; and the first thing I will say is, that upon looking at the evidence against you, and hearing what I have heard from various sources since I came to town, I know you are not the man who killed Mrs. Clemmens. To be sure, you have declined to explain certain points, but I think you can explain those points, and if you will only inform me—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Mansell, gravely; "but you say you are a detective. Now, I have no information to give a detective."

"Are you sure?" was the imperturbable query.

"Quite," was the quick reply.

"You are then determined upon going to the scaffold, whether or no?" remarked Mr. Gryce, somewhat grimly.

"Yes, if to escape it I must confide in a detective."

"Then you do wrong," declared the other; "as I will immediately proceed to show you. Mr. Mansell, you are, of course, aware of the manner of Mr. Orcutt's death?"

"I know he was struck by a falling limb."

"Do you know what he was doing when this occurred?"

"No."

"He was escorting Miss Dare down to the gate."

The prisoner, whose countenance had brightened at the mention of his lawyer, turned a deadly white at this.

"And—was Miss Dare hurt?" he asked.

The detective shook his head.

"Then why do you tell me this?"

"Because it has much to do with the occasion of my coming here, Mr. Mansell," proceeded Mr. Gryce, in that tone of completely understanding himself which he knew so well how to assume with men of the prisoner's stamp. "I am going to speak to you without circumlocution or disguise. I am going to put your position before you just as it is. You are on trial for a murder of which not only yourself, but another man, was suspected. Why are you on trial instead of him? Because you were reticent in regard to certain matters which common sense would say you ought to be able to explain. Why were you reticent? There can be but one answer. Because you feared to implicate another person, for whose happiness and honor you had more regard than for your own. Who was that other person? The woman who stood up in court yesterday and declared she had herself committed this crime. What is the conclusion? You believe, and have always believed, Miss Dare to be the assassin of Mrs. Clemmens."

The prisoner, whose pallor had increased with every word the detective uttered, leaped to his feet at this last sentence.

"You have no right to say that," he vehemently asseverated. "What do you know of my thoughts or my beliefs? Do I carry my convictions on my sleeve? I am not the man to betray my ideas or feelings to the world."

Mr. Gryce smiled. To be sure, this expression of silent complacency was directed to the grating of the window overhead, but it was none the less effectual on that account. Mr. Mansell, despite his self-command, began to look uneasy.

"Prove your words!" he cried. "Show that these have been my convictions."

"Very well," returned Mr. Gryce. "Why were you so long silent about the ring? Because you did not wish to compromise Miss Dare by declaring she did not return it to you, as she had said. Why did you try to stop her in the midst of her testimony yesterday? Because you saw it was going to end in confession. Finally, why did you throw aside your defense, and instead of proclaiming yourself guilty, simply tell how you were able to reach Monteith Quarry Station in ninety minutes? Because you feared her guilt would be confirmed if her statements were investigated, and were willing to sacrifice everything but the truth in order to save her."

"You give me credit for a great deal of generosity," coldly replied the prisoner. "After the evidence brought against me by the prosecution, I should think my guilt would be accepted as proved the moment I showed that I had not left Mrs. Clemmens's house at the time she was believed to be murdered."

"And so it would," responded Mr. Gryce, "if the prosecution had not seen reason to believe that the moment of Mrs. Clemmens's death has been put too early. We now think she was not struck till some time after twelve, instead of five minutes before."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Mansell, with stern self-control.

Mr. Gryce, whose carelessly roving eye told little of the close study with which he was honoring the man before him, nodded with grave decision.

"You could add very much to our convictions on this point," he observed, "by telling what it was you saw or heard in Mrs. Clemmens's house at the moment you fled from it so abruptly."

"How do you know I fled from it abruptly?"

"You were seen. The fact has not appeared in court, but a witness we might name perceived you flying from your aunt's door to the swamp as if your life depended upon the speed you made."

"And with that fact added to all the rest you have against me, you say you believe me innocent?" exclaimed Mr. Mansell.

"Yes; for I have also said I believe Mrs. Clemmens not to have been assaulted till after the hour of noon. You fled from her door at precisely five minutes before it."

The uneasiness of Mr. Mansell's face increased, till it amounted to agitation.

"And may I ask," said he, "what has happened to make you believe she was not struck at the moment hitherto supposed?"

"Ah, now," replied the detective, "we come down to facts." And leaning with a confidential air toward the prisoner, he quietly said: "Your counsel has died, for one thing."

Astonished as much by the tone as the tenor of these words, Mr. Mansell, in some distrust, drew back from his visitor. Seeing it, Mr. Gryce edged still further forward, and calmly continued:

"If no one has told you the particulars of Mr. Orcutt's death, you probably do not know why Miss Dare was at his house last evening."

The look of the prisoner was sufficient reply.

"She went there," resumed Mr. Gryce, with composure, "to tell him that her whole evidence against you had been given under the belief that you were guilty of the crime with which you had been charged; that by a trick of my fellow-detectives, Hickory and Byrd, she had been deceived into thinking you had actually admitted your guilt to her, and that she had only been undeceived after she had uttered the perjury with which she sought to save you yesterday morning."

"Perjury?" escaped involuntarily from Craik Mansell's lips.

"Yes," repeated the detective, "perjury. Miss Dare lied when she said she had been to Mrs. Clemmens's cottage on the morning of the murder. She was not there, nor did she lift her hand against the widow's life. That tale she told to escape telling another which she thought would insure your doom."

"You have been talking to Miss Dare?" suggested the prisoner, with subdued sarcasm.

"I have been talking to my two men," was the unmoved retort, "to Hickory and to Byrd, and they not only confirm this statement of hers in regard to the deception they played upon her, but say enough to show she could not have been guilty of the crime, because at that time she honestly believed you to be so."

"I do not understand you," cried the prisoner, in a voice that, despite his marked self-control, showed the presence of genuine emotion.

Mr. Gryce at once went into particulars. He was anxious to have Craik Mansell's mind disabused of the notion that Imogene had committed this crime, since, upon that notion, he believed his unfortunate reticence to rest. He therefore gave him a full relation of the scene in the hut, together with all its results and consequences.

Mr. Mansell listened like a man in a dream. Some fact in the past evidently made this story incredible to him.

Seeing it, Mr. Gryce did not wait to hear his comments, but upon finishing his account, exclaimed, with a confident air:

"Such testimony is conclusive. It is impossible to consider Miss Dare guilty after an insight of this kind into the real state of her mind. Even she has seen the uselessness of persisting in her self-accusation, and, as I have already told you, went to Mr. Orcutt's house in order to explain to him her past conduct, and ask his advice for the future. She learned something else before her interview with Mr. Orcutt ended," continued the detec-

tive, impressively. "She learned that she had not only been mistaken in supposing you had admitted your guilt, but that you could not have been guilty, because you had always believed her to be so. It has been a mutual case of suspicion, you see, and argues innocence on the part of you both. Or so it seems to the prosecution. How does it seem to you?"

"Would it help my cause to say?"

"It would help your cause to tell what sent you so abruptly from Mrs. Clemmens's house the morning she was murdered."

"I do not see how," returned the prisoner.

The glance of Mr. Gryce settled confidentially on his right hand where it lay outspread upon his ample knee.

"Mr. Mansell," he inquired, "have you no curiosity to know any details of the accident by which you have unexpectedly been deprived of a counsel?"

Evidently surprised at this sudden change of subject, Craik replied:

"If I had not hoped you would understand my anxiety and presently relieve it, I could not have shown to you as much patience as I have."

"Very well," rejoined Mr. Gryce, altering his manner with a suddenness that evidently alarmed his listener, "Mr. Orcutt did not die immediately after he was struck down. He lived some hours; lived to say some words that have materially changed the suspicions of persons interested in the case he was defending."

"Mr. Orcutt?"

The tone was one of surprise. Mr. Gryce's little finger seemed to take note of it, for it tapped the leg beneath it with quite an emphatic manner as he continued: "It was in answer to a question put to him by Miss Dare. To the surprise of every one, she had not left him from the moment they were mutually relieved from the weight of the fallen limb, but had stood over him for hours, watching for him to rouse from his insensibility. When he did, she appealed to him in a way that showed she expected a reply, to tell her who it was that killed the Widow Clemmens."

"And did Mr. Orcutt know?" was Mansell's half agitated, half incredulous query.

"His answer seemed to show that he did. Mr. Mansell, have you ever had any doubts of Mr. Orcutt?"

"Doubts?"

"Doubts as to his integrity, good-heartedness or desire to serve you?"

"No."

"You will, then, be greatly surprised," Mr. Gryce went on, with increased gravity, "when I tell you that Mr. Orcutt's reply to Miss Dare's question was such as to draw attention to himself as the assassin of Widow Clemmens, and that his words and the circumstances under which they were uttered have so impressed Mr. Ferris, that the question now agitating his mind is not, Is Craik Mansell innocent? but, Was his counsel, Tremont Orcutt, guilty?"

The excited look which had appeared on the face of Mansell in the beginning of this speech changed to one of strong disgust.

"This is too much," he cried. "I am not a fool to be caught by any such make-believe as this! Mr. Orcutt thought to be an assassin? You might as well say that people accuse Judge Evans of killing the Widow Clemmens."

Mr. Gryce, who had perhaps stretched a point when he so unequivocally declared his complete confidence in the innocence of the man before him, tapped his leg quite affectionately at this burst of natural indignation, and counted off another point in favor of the prisoner. His words, however, were dry as sarcasm could make them.

"No," said he "for people know that Judge Evans was without the opportunity for committing this murder, while every one remembers how Mr. Orcutt went to the widow's house and came out again with tidings of her death."

The prisoner's lip curled disdainfully.

"And do you expect me to believe you regard that as a groundwork for suspicion? I should have given you credit for more penetration, sir."

"Then you do not think Mr. Orcutt knew what he was saying when, in answer to Miss Dare's appeal for him to tell who the murderer was, he answered: 'Blood will have blood,' and drew attention to his own violent end?"

"Did Mr. Orcutt say that?"

"He did."

"Very well; a man whose whole mind has for some time been engrossed with defending another man accused of murder, might say anything while in a state of delirium."

Mr. Gryce uttered his favorite "Humph!" and gave his leg another pat, but added, gravely enough: "Miss Dare believes his words to be those of confession."

"You say Miss Dare once believed me to have confessed?"

"But," persisted the detective, "Miss Dare is not alone in her opinion. Men in whose judgment you must rely, find it difficult to explain the words of Mr. Orcutt on any other theory than that he is himself the perpetrator of that crime for which you are yourself being tried."

"I find it difficult to believe that possible," quietly returned the prisoner. "What!" he suddenly exclaimed; "suspect a man of Mr. Orcutt's abilities and standing of a hideous crime—the very crime, too, with which his client is charged, and in defense of whom he has brought all his skill to bear! The idea is preposterous, unheard of!"

"I acknowledge that," dryly assented Mr. Gryce; "but it has been my experience to find that it is the preposterous things that happen."

For a minute the prisoner stared at the speaker incredulously; then he cried:

"You really appear to be in earnest."

"I was never more so in my life," was Mr. Gryce's rejoinder.

Drawing back, Craik Mansell looked at the

detective with an emotion that had almost the character of hope. Presently he said:

"If you do distrust Mr. Orcutt, you must have weightier reasons for it than any you have given me. What are they? You must be willing I should know, or you would not have gone so far with me as this?"

"You are right," Gryce assured him. "A case so complicated as this calls for unusual measures. Mr. Ferris, feeling the gravity of his position, allows me to take you into our confidence in the hope that you will be able to help us out of our difficulty."

"I help you! You'd better release me first."

"That will come in time."

"If I help you?"

"Whether you help or not, if we can satisfy ourselves and the world that Mr. Orcutt's words were a confession. You may hasten that conviction."

"How?"

"By clearing up the mystery of your flight from Mrs. Clemmens's house."

The keen eyes of the prisoner fell; all his old distrust seemed on the point of returning.

"That would not help you at all," said he.

"I should like to be the judge," said Mr. Gryce.

The prisoner shook his head.

"My word must go for it," said he.

The detective had been the hero of too many such scenes to be easily discouraged. Bowing as if accepting this conclusion from the prisoner, he quietly proceeded with the recital he had planned. With a frankness certainly unusual to him, he gave the prisoner a full account of Mr. Orcutt's last hours and the interview which had followed between himself and Miss Dare. To this he added his own reasons for doubting the lawyer, and, while admitting he saw no motive for the deed, gave it as his serious opinion that the motive would be found if once he could get at the secret of Mr. Orcutt's real connection with the deceased. He was so eloquent and so manfully in earnest, Mr. Mansell's eye brightened in spite of himself, and when the detective ceased he looked up with an expression which convinced Mr. Gryce that half the battle was won. He accordingly said, in a tone of great confidence:

"A knowledge of what went on in Mrs. Clemmens's house before he went to it would be of great help to us. With that for a start, all may be learned. I therefore put it to you for the last time whether it would not be best for you to explain yourself on this point. I am sure you will not regret it."

"Sir," said Mansell, with undisturbed composure, "if your purpose is to fix this crime on Mr. Orcutt, I must insist upon your taking my word that I have no information to give you that can in any way affect him."

"You could give us information, then, that would affect Miss Dare?" was the quick retort.

"Now, I say," the astute detective declared, as the prisoner gave an almost imperceptible start, "that whatever your information is, Miss Dare is not guilty."

"You say it!" exclaimed the prisoner.

"What does your opinion amount to if you haven't heard the evidence against her?"

"There is no evidence against her but what is purely circumstantial."

"How do you know that?"

"Because she is innocent. Circumstantial evidence may exist alike against the innocent and the guilty. I mean to say that as I am firmly convinced Miss Dare once regarded you as guilty of this crime, I must be equally convinced she didn't commit it herself. This is unanswerable."

"You have stated that before."

"I know it; but I want you to see the force of it; because, once convinced with me that Miss Dare is innocent, you will be willing to tell all you know, even what apparently implicates her."

Silence answered this remark.

"You didn't see her strike the blow?"

Mansell roused indignantly.

"No, of course not!" he cried.

"You did not see her with your aunt that moment you fled from the house immediately before the murder?"

"I didn't see her."

That emphasis, unconscious, perhaps, was fatal. Gryce, who never lost anything, darted on this small gleam of advantage as a hungry pike darts upon an innocent minnow.

"But you thought you heard her," he cried;

"her voice, or her laugh, or perhaps merely the rustle of her dress in another room?"

"No," said Mansell, "I didn't hear her."

"Of course not," was the instantaneous reply. "But something said or done by somebody—a something which amounts to nothing as evidence—gives you to understand she was there, and so you hold your tongue for fear of compromising her."

"Amounts to nothing as evidence?" echoed Mansell.

"How do you know that?"

"Because Miss Dare was not in the house with your aunt at that time. Miss Dare was in Professor Darling's observatory, a mile or so away."

"Does she say that?"

"We will prove that."

Aroused, excited, the prisoner turned his flashing blue eyes on the detective.

"I should be glad to have you," he said.

"But you must first tell me in what room you were when you received this intimation of Miss Dare's presence?"

"I was in no room; I was on the stone step outside of the dining-room door. I did not go into the house at all that morning, as I believe I have already told Mr. Ferris."

"Very good! It will all be simpler than I thought. You came up to the house and went away again without coming in; ran away, I may say, taking the direction of the swamp."

The prisoner did not deny it.

"You remember all the incidents of that short flight?"

The prisoner's lip curled.

"Remember leaping the fence and stumbling a trifle when you came down?"

"Yes."

"Very well; now tell me how could Miss Dare see you do that from Mrs. Clemmens's house?"

"Did Miss Dare tell you she saw me trip after I jumped the fence?"

"She did."

"And yet was in Professor Darling's observatory, a mile or so away?"

"Yes."

A satirical laugh broke from the prisoner.

"I think," said he, "that instead of my telling you how she could have seen this from Mrs. Clemmens's house, you should tell me how she could have seen it from Professor Darling's observatory."

"That is easy enough. She was looking through a telescope."

"What?"

"At the moment you were turning from Mrs. Clemmens's door, Miss Dare, perched in the top of Professor Darling's house, was looking in that very direction through a telescope."

"I—I would like to believe that story," said the prisoner, with suppressed emotion.

"It would—"

"What?" urged the detective, calmly.

"Make a new man of me," finished Mansell, with a momentary burst of feeling.

"Well, then, call up your memories of the way your aunt's house is situated. Recall the hour, and acknowledge that, if Miss Dare was with her, she must have been in the dining-room."

"There is no doubt about that."

"Now, how many windows has the dining-room?"

"One."

"How situated?"

"It is on the same side as the door."

"There is none, then, that looks down to that place where you leaped the fence?"

"No."

"How account for her seeing that little incident, then, of your stumbling?"

"She might have come to the door, stepped out, and so seen me."

"Humph! I see you have an answer for everything."

Craig Mansell was silent.

A look of admiration slowly spread itself over the detective's face.

"We must probe the matter a little deeper," said he. "I see I have a hard head to deal with." And, bringing his glance a little nearer to the prisoner, he remarked:

"If she had been standing there you could not have turned round without seeing her?"

"No."

"Now, did you see her standing there?"

"No."

"Yet you turned around?"

"I did."

"Miss Dare says so."

The prisoner struck his forehead with his hand.

"And it is so," he cried. "I remember now that some vague desire to know the time made me turn to look at the church-clock. Go on. Tell me more that Miss Dare saw."

His manner was so changed—his eye burned so brightly—the detective gave himself a tap of decided self-gratulation.

"She saw you hurry over the bog, stop at the entrance of the wood, take a look at your watch, and plunge with renewed speed into the forest."

"It is so. It is so. And, to have seen that, she must have had the aid of a telescope."

"Then she describes your appearance. She says you had your pants turned up at the ankles, and carried your coat on your left arm."

"Left arm?"

"Yes."

"I think I had it on my right."

"It was on the arm towards her, she declares. If she was in the observatory, it was your left side that she saw."

"Yes, yes; but the coat was over the other arm. I remember using my left hand in vaulting over the fence when I came up to the house."

"It is a vital point," said Mr. Gryce, with a quietness that concealed his real anxiety and chagrin. "If the coat was on the arm towards her, the fact of its being on the right—"

"Wait!" exclaimed Mr. Mansell, with an air of sudden relief. "I recollect now that I changed it from one arm to the other after I vaulted the fence. It was just at the moment I turned to come back to the side-door, and, as she does not pretend to have seen me till after I left the door, of course the coat was, as she says, on my left arm."

"I thought you could explain it," returned Mr. Gryce, with an air of easy confidence. "But what do you mean when you say that you changed it at the moment you turned to come back to the side-door? Didn't you go at once to the dining-room door from the swamp?"

"No. I had gone to the front-door before, and was going to it this time; but when I got to the corner of the house I saw the tramp about which you have had so much talk, just coming into the gate, and not wishing to encounter any one, turned round and came back to the dining-room door."

"I see. And it was then you heard—"

"What I heard," completed the prisoner, grimly.

"Mr. Mansell," said the other, "are you not sufficiently convinced by this time that Miss Dare was not with Mrs. Clemmens, but in the observatory of Professor Darling's house, to tell me what that was?"

"Answer me a question and I will reply. Can the entrance of the woods be seen from the position which she declares herself to have occupied?"

"It can. Not two hours ago I tried the experiment myself, using the same telescope and kneeling in the same place where she did. I found I could not only trace the spot where you paused, but could detect quite readily every movement of my man Hickory, whom I

had previously placed there to go through the motions. I should not have come here if I had not made myself certain on that point."

Yet the prisoner hesitated.

"I not only made myself sure of that," resumed Mr. Gryce, "but I also tried if I could see as much with my naked eye from Mrs. Clemmens's side door. I found I could not, and my sight is very good."

"Enough," said Mansell: "hard as it is to explain, I must believe Mrs. Dare was not where I thought her."

"Then you will tell me what you heard?"

"Yes, for in it may lie the key to this mystery, though how, I cannot see, and doubt if you can. I am all the more ready to do it," he pursued, "because I can now understand how she came to think me guilty, and, thinking so, conducted herself as she has done from the beginning of my trial. All but the fact of her denouncing herself yesterday. That I cannot comprehend."

"A woman in love can do anything," quoth Mr. Gryce. Then admonished by the flush of the prisoner's cheek that he was treading on dangerous ground, he quickly added: "But she will explain all that herself some day. Let us hear what you have to tell me."

Craig Mansell drooped his head and his brow became gloomy.

"Sir," said he, "it is unnecessary for me to state that your surmise in regard to my past convictions is true. If Miss Dare was not with my aunt just before the murder, I certainly had reasons for thinking she was. To be sure, I did not see her or hear her voice, but I heard my aunt address her distinctly and by name."

"You did?" Mr. Gryce's interest in the tattoo he was playing on his knee became intense.

"Yes. It was just as I pushed the door ajar. The words were these: 'You think you are going to marry him, Imogene Dare; but I tell you you never shall, not while I live.'"

"Humph!" broke involuntarily from the detective's lips, and, though his face betrayed nothing of the shock this communication occasioned him, his fingers stopped an instant in their restless play.

Mr. Mansell saw it and cast him an anxious look. The detective instantly smiled with great unconcern. "Go on," said he; "what else did you hear?"

"Nothing else. In the mood in which I was this very plain intimation that Miss Dare had sought my aunt, had pleaded with her for me and failed, struck me as sufficient. I did not wait to hear more, but hurried away in a state of passion that was little short of frenzy. To leave the place and return to my work was now my one wish. When, then, I found that, by running, I might catch the train at Mont-teith, I ran, and so it was that unconsciously I laid myself open to suspicion."

"I see," murmured the detective, "I see."

"Not that I suspected any evil then," pursued Mr. Mansell, earnestly. "I was only conscious of disappointment and a desire to escape from my own thoughts. It was not till next day—"

"Yes—yes," interrupted Mr. Gryce, abstractedly, "but your aunt's words! She said: 'You think you are going to marry him, Imogene Dare; but you never shall, not while I live.' Yet Imogene Dare was not there. Let us solve that problem."

"You think you can?"

"I think I must."

"How—how?"

The detective did not answer. He was buried in profound thought. Suddenly he exclaimed: "It is as you say, the keynote to the tragedy. It must be solved." But the glance he dived deep into space seemed to echo that "How, how?" of the prisoner, with a gloomy persistence that promised little for an immediate answer to the enigma before them. It occurred to Mansell to offer a suggestion.

"There is but one way I can explain it," said he. "My aunt was speaking to herself. She was deaf and lived alone. Such people often indulge in soliloquizing."

The slap which Mr. Gryce gave his thigh must have made it tingle for a good half-hour.

"There," he cried, "who says extraordinary measures are not useful at times. You've hit the very explanation. Of course she was speaking to herself. She was just the woman to do it. Imogene Dare was in her thoughts, so she addressed Imogene Dare. If you had opened the door you would have seen her standing there alone, venting her thoughts into empty space."

"I wish I had," said the prisoner.

Mr. Gryce became exceedingly animated.

"Well, that's settled," said he. "Imogene Dare was not there, save in Mrs. Clemmens's imagination. And now for the conclusion. She said, 'You think you are going to marry him, Imogene Dare, but you never shall while I live.' That shows her mind was running on you."

"It shows more than that. It shows that, if Miss Dare was not with her then, she must have been there earlier in the day. For, when I left my aunt the day before, she was in entire ignorance of my attachment to Miss Dare, and the hopes it had led to."

"Say that again," cried Gryce.

Mr. Mansell repeated himself, adding: "That would account for the ring being found on my aunt's dining-room floor—"

But Mr. Gryce waved that question aside.

"What I want to make sure of is that your aunt had not been informed of your wishes as concerned Miss Dare."

"Unless Miss Dare was there in the early morning and told her herself."

"There were no neighbors to betray you?"

"There wasn't a neighbor who knew anything about the matter."

The detective's eye brightened till it vied in brilliancy with the stray gleam of sunshine which had found its way to the cell through the narrow grating over their heads.

"A clew," he murmured; "I have received a clew," and rose as if to leave.

The prisoner, startled, rose also.

"A clew to what?" he cried.

But Mr. Gryce was not the man to answer such a question.

"You shall hear to-morrow; soon. Enough that you have given me an idea that may eventually lead to the clearing up of this mystery, if not to your own acquittal from a false charge of murder."

"And Miss Dare?"

"Is under no charge, and never will be."

"And Mr. Orcutt?"

"Wait," said Mr. Gryce, "wait."

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT SCENE IN LYNCHBURG, VA.

OUR illustration on front page depicts a scene in the courtyard of a Lynchburg warehouse at the opening of the tobacco season. At this season negro and other small cultivators come in with their produce for sale, and while awaiting a market indulge their fun-loving tendencies by characteristic merry-makings, in which the "color-line" is generally entirely lost sight of. Sometimes almost the entire night is given up to the dance and frolic, and it is seldom that the participants are in any wise the worse for letting the instinct of playfulness have its course.

CHINESE EDUCATION IN BROOKLYN.

BROOKLYN has about four hundred Chinese residents, and an organization in their interest was recently formed, which is styled "The Christian Union for Chinese Work." The movement is a union of the various workers in different denominations who have devoted themselves to the Christianizing of the Orientals, and its president is Mr. Andrew A. Smith, who was president of the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn for its first four years, and was connected with the work of the Plymouth Church Bethel for fifteen years. The society has established headquarters at Nos. 991 and 993 Fulton Street, which include two large parlors, where meetings are held; a large sitting-room, a kitchen and a number of smaller rooms. The Chinese are very fond of singing, and in one of the rooms is an organ for their accompaniment. A plentiful supply of books, maps, etc., is being provided. Advisory committees of prominent citizens have been appointed, which are to see that the Chinese receive trustworthy advice concerning their property and other rights.

CASTING THE LEE STATUE.

THE torso of Alexander Doyle's statue of General Robert E. Lee was cast at the works of the Henry & Bonnard Manufacturing Company, in New York city, on September 19th. The statue is to be paid for by the Lee Monument Association of New Orleans, and is to be given to that city and erected in Lee Circle, formerly the Tivoli Circle. The statue will be sixteen feet in height. The figure will stand with the arms folded and the left foot advanced, and the costume will be that of a major-general, with the single exception of the lapel coat, the only one that General Lee would wear. The whole statue will weigh over 4,000 pounds, and will be cast in seven pieces, which will be riveted together so deftly as not to show any of the joints. When the visitors gathered in the foundry for the casting operation, the clay mold in its iron casings was in the centre, showing clearly the hole into which the molten bronze was to be poured from a huge iron pot swung by strong chains from a strong cable. Around the furnace were the crucibles of fire-clay, in which the bronze glowed with a fierce, dull-red, dish light, brightened by occasional flames of a blue color. Each crucible held 400 pounds of metal, and to each crucible were six men grasping the calipers by which it was to be raised. At the great pot swinging from the crane were twelve men, six on each side, each holding a stout wooden bar fastened crosswise to the iron bar that went across the pot. Four men stood with lighted torches to fire the plugs of cotton-waste in the vents through which the gases must escape when the flow of metal began. The foreman raised a whistle to his lips and gave a shrill call. He then cried in French—all the workmen being of that nationality—"Raise the metal," and the seven crucibles went up with unanimity and precision. "Pour the metal," and the contents of each crucible were poured into the big pot. "Fire the vents," and the huge pot was tilted up, half the men raising and half depressing their bars. The operation of pouring was soon over, and the vents were left as clean and clear as could be desired.

BI-CENTENNIAL OF GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

TWO hundred years ago, on the 6th of this month, there landed in the then village of Philadelphia a band of German pioneers who formed the first German colony in America. Previous to his coming to America, in 1682, William Penn, the Quaker, had made a combined missionary and business visit to Germany, and secured some converts to the Society of Friends, principally in Frankfurt. There he caused to be organized a society whose object was to send out settlers to his colony in Pennsylvania. He and his German agents succeeded in persuading thirteen families to emigrate to the New World, and these families were the fore-runners of that immense immigration into this country. These pioneers sailed from London in the Concord on July 24th, 1683, and upon their arrival at Philadelphia were taken in hand by a fellow-countryman, Francis Daniel Pastorius, who had preceded them by a few weeks. After looking over the ground, they decided to settle upon that part of Penn's province which has since been known as Germantown. Here they at once cleared the ground and began erecting houses and a store in true pioneer style. At first they had no local government, but afterwards many other German families came, and from 1691 to 1707 they regulated their settlement with four burgesses and a bailiff. Afterwards they came under the general provincial Government. Germantown grew from generation to generation, until it is now one of the richest quarters of the City of Philadelphia.

The Germantown settlers have always cherished a warm pride in their Fatherland, and a proposition to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the original settlement met a hearty response. Although Philadelphia was the landing-place and Germantown the place of settling of these pioneers, the celebration will be a national one to all Germans and those of German extraction, and in all of the centres of German population it is expected that the landing of the German pioneers will be commemorated by appropriate ceremonies.

The celebration at Philadelphia begins on Saturday, October 6th, with a grand concert, vocal and instrumental, with addresses in German and English, arranged by the local musical societies, in the Academy of Music. On Sunday there will be religious observances of the event in all German churches. On Monday there will be a grand procession in three divisions. The celebration will conclude on Tuesday with a grand picnic at the Schuylkill Park, with music, vocal and instrumental, and addresses.

Germantown still retains many relics of its early days, and is one of the most interesting cities which

the antiquary can visit. Our illustrations show some of the chief features, as the old market square, the oldest house, a building used as a hospital during the Revolutionary War, the famous Chew mansion, St. Michael's Lutheran Church, and a view of the first mill used by the settlers. Our artist is indebted to Mr. William Butcher, a descendant of the Butcher family who came over with Penn, for hospitable attentions while engaged in making his sketches.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Princess of Wales is becoming deaf. The best artists are unable to suggest a remedy.

MICHAEL DAVITT is writing an imitation of the "P.grim's Progress" entitled "My Jail Journey."

THE Daniel Webster monument at Marshfield, Mass., was defaced last week by vandals or relic-seekers.

RANAVATONA III., the new Queen of Madagascar, is a widow though but twenty-two years old, and a Christian.

JOHN P. HOWARD, the benefactor of Burlington, Vt., is to have a bronze statue, to be placed in the university building there.

HERBERT SPENCER's health is improving. He has resumed work, and has nearly completed the third volume of his work on sociology.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN is about to present a fine public clock to his native town of Paris, Me., to be placed in the tower of the Baptist church.

MR. CORRODUS, the eminent violinist, has become the possessor, at a cost of \$3,400, of the Stradivarius violin once owned and used by Paganini.

GENERAL BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, is hard at work revising the Bible, and will shortly have some of the opening chapters ready for publication.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is to put a memorial window to his wife and her father, Captain Herndon, in St. John's Church, at Washington, which they both used to attend.

MRS. CAMERON, wife of the Pennsylvania Senator, writes to a relative in Washington that her husband's health is so much improved that they will probably sail for home early in November.

SARAH BERNHARDT has surrendered her lease of the Ambigu Theatre in Paris. Her receipts were great, but the management of her son was so costly that the enterprise had to be given up.

GENERAL SHERMAN will turn over the command of the army to General Sheridan on November 1st. Major-general Pope will probably succeed General Sheridan in command of the military division of the Missouri.

MRS. CORNWALLIS WEST, the famous English professional beauty, is coming to this country next month, on a visit to the family of her brother-in-law, the Hon. Lionel Sackville West, British Minister to Washington.

An appraisal of the late Senator Matt H. Carpenter's estate shows that the Milwaukee and Washington real estate, notes, bonds and securities in the hands of the widow aggregate \$102,000, and the estate when entirely settled will net \$150,000.

FRANCIS MURPHY, the temperance apostle, was welcomed at Cooper Institute last week on his return from England by an immense audience, speeches by Noah Davis, Chauncey Shaffer and others, by various songs of welcome, and by floral and flag decorations.

THE will of the late Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, disposes of property valued at \$16,000,000, most of which goes to relatives and friends. Ten thousand dollars is bequeathed to the Children's Hospital, Boston; \$10,000 to the Boston Provident Association, and \$30,000 to the Massachusetts General Hospital.

CHIEF JUSTICE APPLETON, of Maine, is the recipient of banquets in that State just now. He is about to retire from the Bench after service in the Supreme Court of a third of a century. He has been a member of the Maine Bar for more than fifty years, and has been Chief Justice for twenty-one years.

MR. JOSHI TERAFIMA MUNENORI, the Japanese Minister to this country, has been granted an indefinite leave of absence from his post, on account of continued ill-health, and will in a few days return to Japan. Mr. Naito will act as *chargé d'affaires* until the Minister shall be able to resume the discharge of his duties.

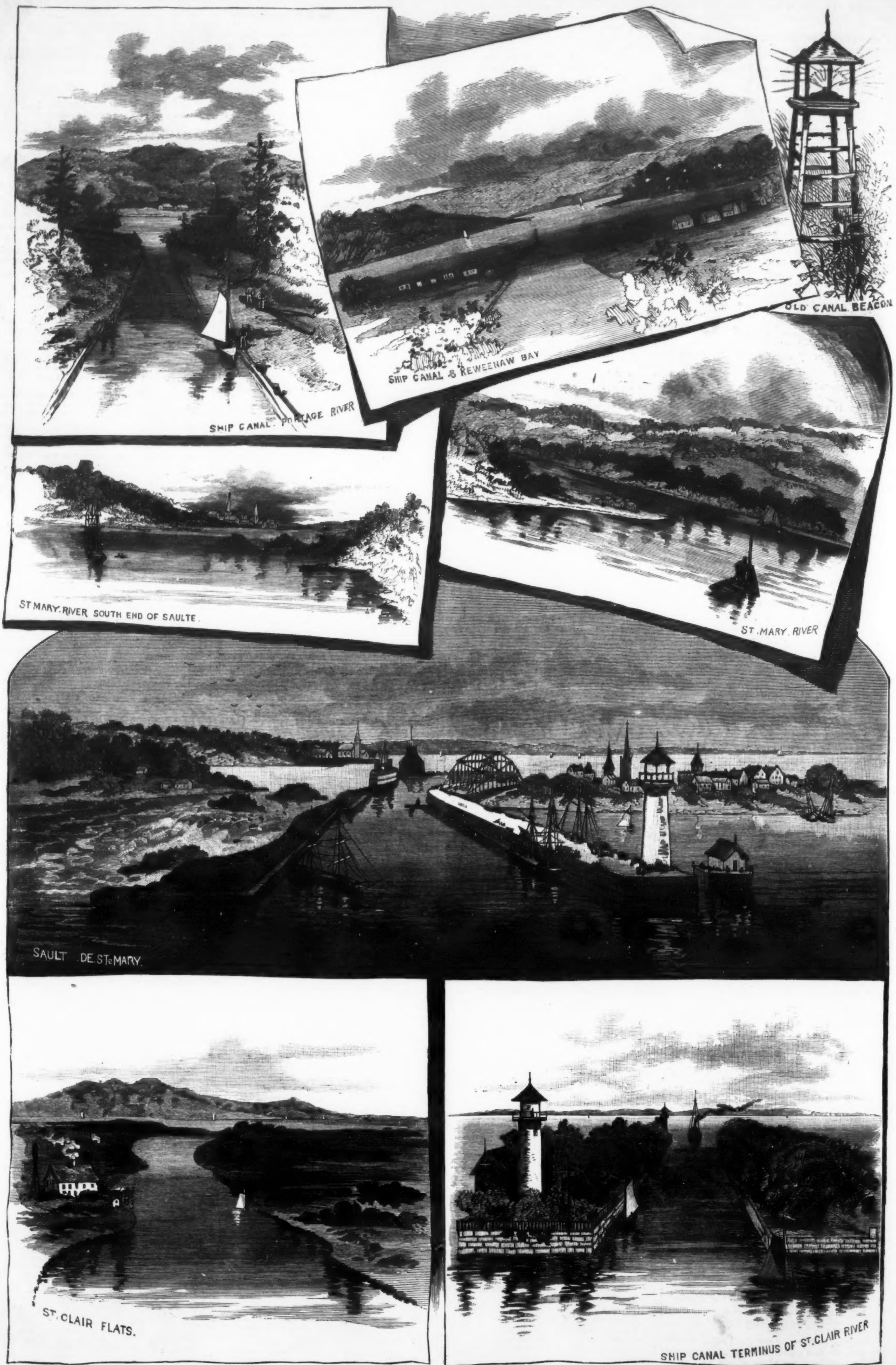
EDWIN BOOTH has bought a house in Boston, which he will make his permanent home, spending the Summers at his Newport cottage. He will no longer play the old-time long engagements, involving so much tedious traveling and other hardships, but will play only in a few of the larger cities, such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and, perhaps, Washington, and not long seasons in any of them.

MILES ROCK, Assistant Astronomer at the Naval Observatory, has been appointed Astronomer and Engineer Commissioner of the Guatemalan Government, to locate the boundary between that country and Mexico. The boundary line is about 200 miles long, and one or two years will be required to finish the work. Mr. Rock has also been commissioned by the Smithsonian Institution to collect notes on anthropology in the country over which his survey is to extend.

THE ceremony of receiving Sitting Bull into the Catholic Church, which it was anticipated would take place last week at Fort Yates, has been indefinitely postponed, because Sitting Bull cannot make up his mind which of his two wives he will let go. The forms of the Church forbid the communicant having more than one. Bishop Morry has had the chief under his care for several months, and his instructions were being rapidly absorbed by Sitting Bull, but separation from his wives proved too much, and he will probably return to his old life.

Death-roll of the Week.

SEPTEMBER 22D.—At New Haven, Conn., Professor William A. Norton, a distinguished mathematician and scientist, aged 73; at Summit, N. J., Rev. Dr. E. F. Hatfield, a well-known Presbyterian divine, aged 76. SEPTEMBER 23D.—At Silver City, Neb., Andrew Sloan, formerly member of Congress, aged 38. SEPTEMBER 25TH.—At New Orleans, La., Robert Meyer, a well-known musical conductor, aged 69; at Athens, Greece, George Alexander Rhallis, a Grecian statesman and author, aged 79. SEPTEMBER 26TH.—At Ithaca, N. Y., Joel B. Williams, a prominent business man, aged 73; at Fairhaven, Vt., Z. C. Ellis, a leading citizen. SEPTEMBER 27TH.—At Toronto, Ont., W. J. Hattray, a well-known *illustrator*. SEPTEMBER 28TH.—In New York city, Mrs. Marie Wilkins, a well-known actress; at Atlanta, Ga., Major W. B. Cox, a leading citizen; at Donegal, Ireland, Rev. Dr. John Knear, a Liberal Member of Parliament, aged 59. Colonel George Knapp, owner of the *St. Louis Republic*, died at sea on September 18th, while returning home from Europe.





KENTUCKY.—MONUMENT TO GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR, AT LOUISVILLE, UNVEILED SEPTEMBER 20TH.
FROM A PHOTO. BY KLAUBER & CO.

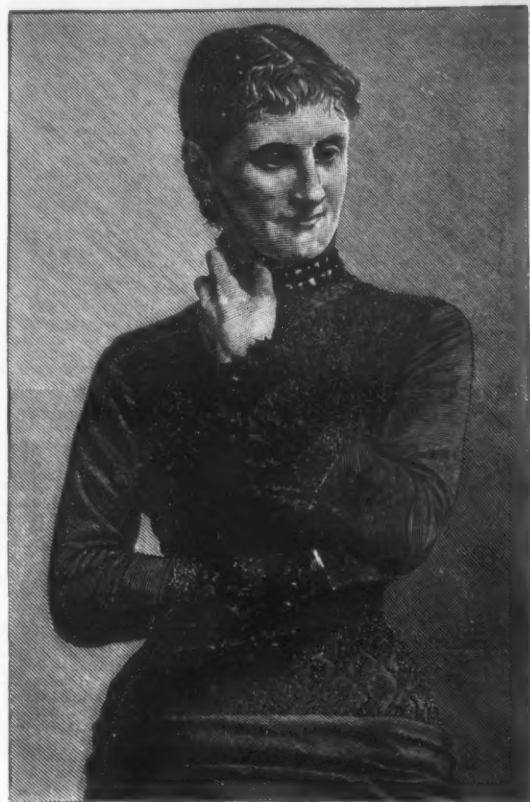
bidder. The vessels will be called the *Chicago*, *Boston*, *Atlanta*, and dispatch-boat *Dolphin*. They will be respectively of 4,500, 3,000, 3,000 and 1,485 tons displacement, and are intended to steam at the following rates of speed: *Chicago*, 14 knots; *Boston* and *Atlanta*, 13 knots; *Dolphin*, 15 knots. The *Chicago*, which is to be the largest of the four, is designed to be 315 feet long between perpendiculars, 325 feet on the water line, and 334 feet 4 inches over all. Her depth from garboard-streak to under side of spar-deck will be 34 feet 9 inches; the height of the gun-deck port sill from load-water line, 10 feet; height of spar-deck port sill from the same, 18 feet 6 inches; extreme breadth, 42 feet 2½ inches; mean draft of water at load-line, 19 feet; displacement, 4,000 tons; area of plain sail, 14,880 square feet; complement of men, 300; sea speed, 14 knots; capacity of coal-bunkers, 940 tons. She will carry four 8-inch long breech-loaders in half turrets, eight 6-inch and two 5-inch on gun-deck.

The *Chicago* is not to be an armored vessel. She will be constructed of mild steel throughout, without wood-sheathing, and is to contain the latest improvements in naval construction and ordnance. Her machinery will be protected from shot and shell by coal-bunkers. The four 8-inch guns will weigh about 12 tons each, and are to be mounted in projecting half turrets on the flush spar-deck, the centre of the trunnions being 20.25 feet above water. The turrets are not to be armored, and the guns will fight in large open ports, the men working them being protected only by shields fixed on the guns. The two forward guns will train three degrees across the bows to sixty degrees abaft the beam, and the same aft. Six of the 6-inch guns will be mounted in broadside on the gun-deck with a train of sixty degrees before and abaft the beam. Two more guns can be mounted on this deck at any time that it may be deemed desirable. The other two 6-inch guns will be placed in recessed gun-deck ports on each bow, with a train of from three degrees across each bow to fifty-two degrees abaft the beam. The 5-inch guns are to occupy recessed ports abaft the captain's cabin. The guns described will throw the following projectiles: 8 inch, 250 pounds; 6-inch, 100 pounds, and 5-inch, 60 pounds. In addition to the main battery the ship will carry six Hotchkiss revolving cannon, mounted in fixed bullet-proof towers. These Hotchkiss guns fire from sixty to eighty rounds per minute, and can pierce the side of an unarmored vessel at 2,000 yards.

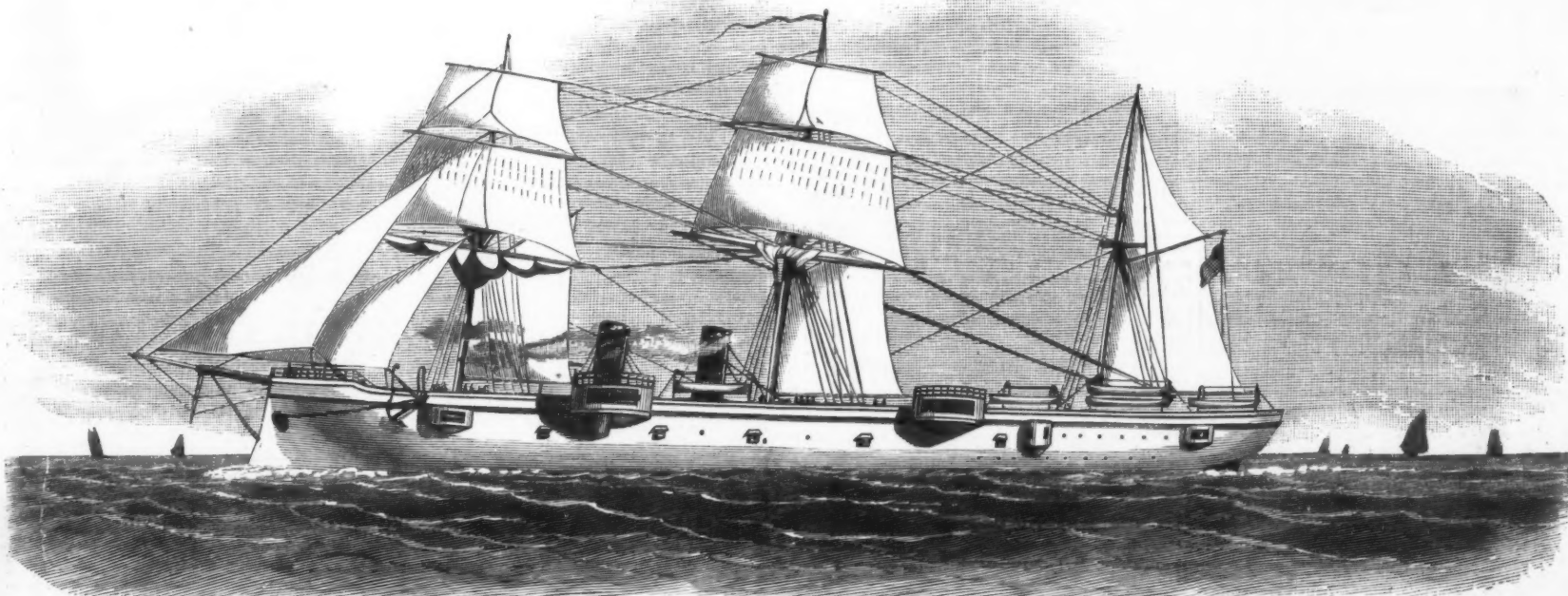
The *Chicago* will be bark-rigged, her area of plain sail, 14,880 feet, being about two-thirds full sail power for a vessel of her class. It is intended that sail shall be merely auxiliary, as her coal supply will be ample for long voyages under steam alone. She can carry 300 tons more coal on the berth-deck than is estimated for by bunker space, and this will enable her to stow away 1,240 tons, a sufficient quantity to enable her to steam 3,000 miles at fifteen knots, or 6,000 miles at from ten to eleven knots. The vessel will be propelled by twin screws, actuated by two pairs of two-cylinder compound overhead beam engines, each engine being situated in a separate water-tight compartment 22 feet long, with a clear height of 15 feet 8 inches. The *Chicago* is expected to be the best cruiser in the navy, and her construction will be watched with great interest.

THE ZACHARY TAYLOR MONUMENT.

THE memory of General Zachary Taylor, hero of the Mexican War, and twelfth President of the United States, has just been honored by the State of Kentucky in the dedication of a monument at



THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE, WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.
FROM A PHOTO. BY BONING & SMALL.—SEE PAGE 110.



THE NEW NAVY.—THE IRON SCREW STEAM CRUISER "CHICAGO," THE LARGEST OF THE THREE VESSELS ORDERED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

OUR NEW CRUISERS.

CONGRESS at its last session authorized the construction of three cruisers and a dispatch-boat, and the contracts for all four vessels have been awarded to John Roach, of Chester, Pa., whose bids were the lowest in each case, being \$2,440,000, which was \$774,000 lower than the naval estimates, and \$315,000 below the next lowest

his tomb near his old home, a few miles east of Louisville. The tomb in which the veteran's remains repose was built under an Act of Congress a few years after President Taylor's death. An appropriation of \$4,000 was made, of which \$1,700 was expended in building the tomb, and the balance—\$2,300—was paid back into the Treasury of the United States. None of the money was reserved to keep the tomb in repair, and when General James A. Ekin visited it the first time, eleven years ago, it was in a falling condition, the masonry in the front being propped up by fence-rails, and the inclosure covered with briars and brambles. General Ekin set to work to recover from neglect the resting-place of his old commander, and at last secured an appropriation of \$5,000 by the Kentucky Legislature to enlarge the grounds and erect a suitable monument.

The monument is made of a very beautiful and superior quality of native granite, the color of which is a medium blue-gray. It was quarried and worked in the State of Maine. It stands in height thirty-four feet, the lower base being seven feet six inches square, of the same granite. Upon the third or upper base rests the die block, the front of which bears the following inscription:

MAJ. GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR,
Twelfth President of the U. S.
Born Nov. 24th, 1784.
Died July 9th, 1850.

On the reverse or opposite side, in *basso relievo*, are the coat-of-arms of the United States, with the implements of war, all very artistically designed and executed, and on the other two sides the names of the engagements in which he was conspicuous, to-wit:

On one side:
Palo Alto.
Resaca de la Palma.
Monterey.
Buena Vista.

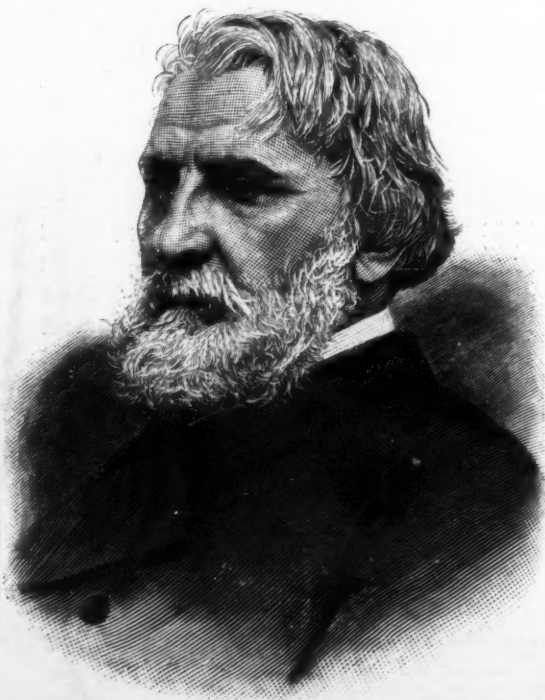
On the opposite side:
Fort Harrison.
Black Hawk.
Okeechobee.

On the front of the cap is the monogram Z. T. Just above this in the front are the dying words of the old hero, viz.:
"I have endeavored to do my duty; I am ready to die; my only regret is for the friends I leave behind me."

On the front of the shaft is a medallion of the General, cast from the finest antique bronze, said to be a masterpiece of workmanship. It is encircled by a wreath of olive, carved from the granite, "alto relievo." Upon the shaft rests the capital, surmounted by a colossal statue of the finest Italian marble, representing the General in full military dress, standing in an easy and graceful position, "at rest," with sword and cap in the left hand. The monument is easily seen from the road. Placed on the top of a high hill, it commands a view of the whole surrounding country.

The 20th of September was the day set for the unvailing, and among those who gathered to witness the ceremonies were many relatives of old "Rough and Ready," and about forty survivors of the Mexican war. The old Louisville Legion flag, which was made famous at the battle of the Block Fort at Monterey, was unfurled in front of the veterans' ranks as they stood drawn up before the tomb. General Ekin called the meeting to order, and prayer followed by Bishop Kavanaugh, of the Methodist Church. General William Preston,

a veteran of the war with Mexico, then took the stand, and, in a few happy remarks, introduced General Thomas L. Crittenden, United States Army, a member of General Taylor's military family in Mexico, who delivered a fervid eulogy, which, for pathos and eloquence, was worthy its distinguished subject and the equally distinguished name of the orator of the day. At the conclusion of his remarks



THE LATE IVAN TOURGUÉNIEFF, THE RUSSIAN NOVELIST.
FROM A PHOTO. BY ELLIOTT & FRY.—SEE PAGE 110.



REV. DR. HENRY C. POTTER, ASSISTANT BISHOP OF THE P. E. DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.
FROM A PHOTO. BY MORA.—SEE PAGE 110.

THE name of Ivan Sergevitch Tourguénieff, who died at Bougival, near Paris, on the 3d ultimo, will live in history as that of the man whose pen paved the way for the emancipation of the serfs of Russia. His history is romantic and instructive. Born of noble parents, in the district of Oral, on the 4th of November, 1818, he was sent to study at Moscow and St. Petersburg, and afterwards at Berlin.

E. J. Denning & Co.

SUCCESSORS TO
A. T. STEWART & CO.
(RETAIL),

Are now opening their
FALL IMPORTATIONS
And invite the attention of their
Friends and Customers to the NEW
GOODS AND NOVELTIES just re-
ceived.

SILKS.

THEY ARE DISPLAYING THE LATEST PARIS AND
LYONS NOVELTIES IN COSTUME SILKS AMONG
WHICH WILL BE FOUND MANY ELEGANT AND
ARTISTIC DESIGNS IN VELVET, PLUSH AND SATIN
EFFECTS, THE EXQUISITE COLOR COMBINATIONS
AND SUPERIOR QUALITY OF THE FABRICS MAK-
ING THEM THE FULL PERFECTION OF THE
WEAVERS' ART. THESE GOODS WILL BE EX-
HIBITED

IN THE ROTUNDA,

WHERE THEY WILL ALSO OFFER AS

SPECIAL BARGAINS

75 PIECES LYONS BLACK SILK, SOFT SATIN FIN-
ISH, AT \$1.95 PER YARD; REDUCED
FROM \$1.75.

65 PIECES LYONS BLACK SILK, SOFT SATIN FIN-
ISH, AT \$1.50 PER YARD; REDUCED
FROM \$2.

50 PIECES LYONS BLACK SILK, SOFT SATIN FIN-
ISH, AT \$1.75 PER YARD; REDUCED
FROM \$2.35.

These Silks were manufactured
solely for us, and are specially re-
commended for appearance and
durability.

DRESS GOODS.

THEY ARE NOW EXHIBITING THE LARGEST
AND HANDSOMEST STOCK OF RICH DRESS GOODS
EVER SHOWN IN THE MARKET, EMBRACING

ALL THE PARIS NOVELTIES,

AND EVERY STYLE OF FINE AND MEDIUM DRESS
MATERIAL MANUFACTURED. THEY INVITE SPE-
CIAL ATTENTION TO THE NEW FRENCH FABRICS.

POIL DE BISON,

GOBELIN OTTOMANS,

CRUSADER CLOTHS,

BROCHE CHENILLES,

OTTOMAN TRAVERS, Etc.,

PLAIN AND IN COMBINATION FOR SUITS, WHICH
WILL BE LEADING FEATURES IN LADIES' FINE
COSTUMES DURING THE COMING SEASON.

AS A

SPECIAL BARGAIN

THEY OFFER IN THIS DEPARTMENT

100 Pieces All-Wool Cheviots,
EXTRA FINE QUALITY, FULL 42 INCHES WIDE, AT
1 PER YARD; REDUCED FROM \$1.50.

INDIA SHAWLS.

THEY ALSO OFFER A VERY LARGE AND HAND-
SOME ASSORTMENT OF REAL INDIA SHAWLS, RE-
CENTLY PURCHASED IN THE LEADING EUROPEAN
MARKETS, AT PRICES FAR BELOW ANY HERETO-
FORE RULING IN THIS CITY—THAT IS TO SAY,

Genuine Cashmere Valley Shawls

WILL BE SOLD AT

\$100 to \$150 each,

WHICH ARE FULLY WORTH

\$200 to \$500 each.

CASHMERE VALLEY DECCAS,

\$50 to \$100; worth \$100 to \$175.

THEY ALSO HAVE A LOT OF THE CELEBRATED

ELEPHANT TICKET

Imitation India Shawls

WHICH WILL BE SOLD TO CLOSE OUT AT \$15 TO

\$30 BELOW THE REGULAR PRICES.
IN ADDITION TO THE ABOVE THEY HAVE A
FULL ASSORTMENT OF INDIA CHUDDA, BEAVER,
FUR, HIMALAYAN, PERSIAN AND FANCY SHAWLS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, AT PRICES WHICH CAN-
NOT FAIL TO BE SATISFACTORY.

In their New

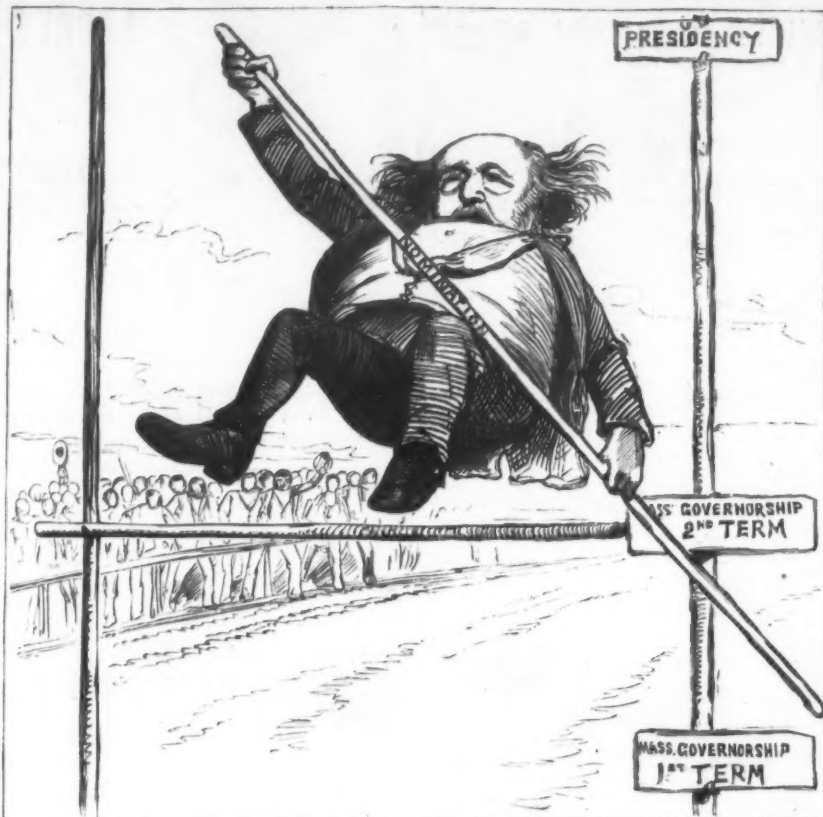
MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

May be found a handsome stock
of HATS and BONNETS, trim-
med and untrimmed, in the
LATEST PARIS STYLES; also,
Flowers, Feathers, Plumes, and
a general assortment of MIL-
LINERY TRIMMINGS, at EX-
TREMELY LOW PRICES.

ALL DRYGOODS BOUGHT OF US, WHICH WILL
BE SOLD AT THE LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY,
WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ACCESSIBLE PART
OF THE UNITED STATES, FREE OF ALL MAIL OR
EXPRESS CHARGES.

ORDERS RECEIVED BY MAIL FOR GOODS OR
SAMPLES WILL HAVE OUR PROMPT AND CARE-
FUL ATTENTION.

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Fancy Plushes, Colored Ottomans, Faillie
Armure Royal and Cottellé White and
Colored Dress Satins, etc., together with a
fine stock of the best makes in Black Silks.

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NEW YORK.

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of Social and Business
Forms, by Thos. E. Hill,
is the most elegantly illustrated work on penmanship in
existence. Gives instruction
in Capitalization,
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HUNDREDS OF FORMS,
including Letters of Busi-
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Advice, Introduction, etc.,
together with Notes,
Bills, Orders, Checks,
Drafts, Receipts, Deeds,
Mortgages, Leases, Wills,
and a multitude of other
Legal and Commercial
Forms.

Ex-Vice-President Colfax
says: "Hill's Manual is
an encyclopedia of infor-
mation of all kinds needed
in social and business life,
admirably arranged and
handsomely illustrated,
forming the most compre-
hensive and satisfactory
work of the kind I have ever seen." NEWLY ILLU-
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HILL STANDARD BOOK CO., 103 State St., Chicago.

Ask any Book-Agent to show you Hill's Manual.

Print Your Own
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Press, \$3.
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old. Everything easy; printed instructions.
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Presses, Type, Cards, etc., to the fac-
tory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure
Cocoa, from which the excess of
Oil has been removed. It has three
times the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,
and is therefore far more economi-
cal. It is delicious, nourishing,
strengthening, easily digested, and
admirably adapted for invalids as
well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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BARBOUR'S Macramé Lace Flax Threads

1784. (In one-pound boxes.) 1883.



ATTRACTIVE
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OCCUPATION
FOR
LADIES.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK,
with full particulars and
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cents.
Linen Thread on spools
(200 yds.), in White and W.
Brown, specially adapted
for Crochet and Lace Work.

LACE DESKS, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 each.

All kinds of FLAX THREADS for HAND and MA-
CHINE Work.

For sale by FANCY and DRY GOODS dealers through-
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The Barbour Brothers Company,

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25 High St., Boston.

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FINEST ARCADIA BEST

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK says:

"In the general rush among
modistes and dressmakers for a
fine brand of Velveteen, there
seems to be great delight ex-
pressed over the ARCADIA VEL-
VETEEN. It is * * * much
sought after for jackets and fur-
trimmed suits for children's cos-
tumes and ladies' dinner dresses.
Its cost is also an element in its
success, as it can be purchased
at the same prices as ordinary
brands."

VELVETEEN

REMEMBER! For the protection of
the consumer we stamp every yard
with the below stamp. See you get it.



THE BAZAR says:

"The ARCADIA VELVETEEN is an
improvement upon ordinary vel-
veteen that is sure to be thorow-
ly appreciated, not only during
the coming winter, but for many
seasons."

DEMOREST'S says:

"The newest triumph in vel-
veteen has been achieved by the
ARCADIA, a Manchester produc-
tion of exceeding fineness, depth
and richness of texture. Its pile
is soft, close and even, and ex-
perts fail to detect the difference
between it and real velvet when
made up."

The Fast Pile "Arcadia Velveteen" is of genuine woven fast pile, with Genoa face, and is the only velveteen in the market that can rightfully claim these qualities. They have stood the test of one season, and have continued to grow in favor from the time of their first introduction up to now. For ladies' costumes they are unrivalled, having the following advantages over all others: First, the color is positive and lustrous in all shades. Second, in appearance it cannot be easily distinguished from Lyons silk velvet, being much thinner and finer in texture, and consequently less heavy than ordinary velveteen or velvets, and will outwear any other material of equal finish and dress.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity,
strength and wholesomeness. More economical
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Fashionable Custom Clothing
FROM
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ELEGANT SUITS to Order,
\$18, \$20 and \$25.

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\$5 to \$8.



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Send for samples. Mention
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